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VIETNAM

A COUNTRY
COMES OF AGE

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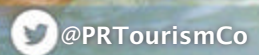
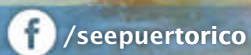


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BY ANDREW LAM
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EDITOR'S DESK

The Park in Your Backyard

I participate in a program at Nat Geo headquarters in which “seasoned” staffers like me nurture junior staffers. But I’m always astonished by how much mentors learn from the people they’re supposed to advise. Take my current mentee, Valerie Perry, a technical production specialist working for our *Nat Geo Live* events. Turns out this 30-year-old has a passion for national parks and is on a personal quest to visit 100 parks before the National Park Service (NPS) centennial in 2016. A daunting, not to mention expensive, endeavor, no? On the contrary, Valerie reminds me, there are some 400 NPS sites spread across the U.S., and only about a third of these charge admission. I’ve made big trips to several of the marquee western parks, including Yellowstone, Zion, and Grand Canyon; each visit has expanded my mind and spirit (pill free, without



Oh, Shenandoah

negative aftereffects). But Valerie’s mission has motivated me to check out the parks in my backyard, and to get that natural high year-round. Wolf Trap, outside Washington, D.C., is the only national park for the performing arts (I recently saw rock icon Pat Benatar, still hitting it with her best shot); the upcoming season lists the Broadway hit *Million Dollar Quartet* and Audra McDonald, singing with the National Symphony Orchestra. And last fall a group of my high school friends hiked two great trails in Shenandoah (Whiteoak Canyon and Mary’s Rock), in Virginia’s Blue Ridge Mountains; we’re already planning our next hike. National parks are like poems: arguably superfluous but in reality vital to humanity. Celebrate the upcoming National Park Week (April 19 to 27) by visiting one near you. Want a few ideas? See our piece on page 22. —*Norie Quintos*



Ageless in Ikaria, Greece

NEW BOOK SECRETS TO LONG LIFE

Still looking for that Fountain of Youth? Author and longevity expert Dan Buettner has a lasting remedy, thanks to his decade of research on the world’s “Blue Zones,” where residents live the longest (here’s looking at

you, Ikaria, Greece; Okinawa, Japan; Sardinia, Italy; Loma Linda, California; Nicoya, Costa Rica). Live long and prosper with his latest National Geographic book, *The Blue Zones Solution*, which compiles diets, recipes, and health practices from these hearty havens to help you create a personal Blue Zone at home.

■ THE BLUE ZONES SOLUTION HITS BOOKSTORES APRIL 7.

DULY NOTED

In “Shedding Light on Irish Stout” (December 2014/January 2015), we wrote that Antarctica is the only continent without an abundant Guinness supply. But reader Shelby Cooper informs us (and we have confirmed) that New Zealand’s Scott Base on Ross Island in Antarctica carries the beloved stout—we assume it’s served chilled.



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BEST OF THE WEB

Switzerland Bucket List

On our digital travel hub, writer Robert Reid rounds up 50 experiences that prove the hills are very much alive in Switzerland. Here, a few Alpine standouts:



Alpenhorns echo through the village of Wengen.

Local Makers

On the streets of Carouge, Geneva's "Greenwich Village," you'll find glassblowers, tearooms, stands with handmade soap, local writers' works in bookshop windows, chocolatiers, and clockmakers.

Swiss Cheese

Raclette is basically gourmet nachos: cow's milk cheese heated open-air and served with potatoes, onions, cornichons, and dried ham. Taste the melted morsels at Sierre's Château de Villa, a 16th-century castle.

St. Bernards

At Martigny's Fondation Barry and Musée et Chiens du Saint-Bernard, travelers can visit a museum dedicated to the fluffy St. Bernard dog and even take one of the 34 canine residents on a forest walk.

■ STARTING MARCH 15, GO TO NATGEO.COM/TRAVEL FOR MORE POSTS ON SWITZERLAND.

TRAVEL WITH US

SOAK UP THE SOUTHWEST

Inspired by our family itineraries on pg. 72? National Geographic Expeditions' new American Southwest trip is one the whole family will dig. Highlights include fossil excavation in Grand Junction, kid-friendly rafting through Canyonlands National Park, and traditional Navajo dance in Monument Valley.

■ FOR A FULL ITINERARY, VISIT NATIONALGEOGRAPHICEXPEDITIONS.COM.



Family rafting in Utah

WHAT I KNOW



CATHERINE KARNOW

PHOTOGRAPHER
"THE GLOW OF VIETNAM"
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My Favorite Place

I go to Vietnam at least once a year. It was love at first sight, 25 years ago. Not only is it a beautiful country with great food, an exquisite coastline, and a gorgeous capital city—I am drawn to the people. There is a sort of undefinable magic about Vietnam for me. I feel as if I belong there.

City Living

Hanoi's French colonial architecture is magnificent, and the Old Quarter is charming in its crumbling decay. I love the modern art, the street life, and the café culture.

Going Local

When I'm on the ground, I travel on the back of a motorcycle, eat on the street, and explore back alleys and remote neighborhoods. I hate touristy places and avoid the beaten path. I often find myself invited to stay at people's homes, outside of the city—that's where the real adventures begin.

At Home in the World

I grew up in Hong Kong; by the time I was nine, I had been around the world five times. My parents, going back to my adventurer-explorer grandfather, were both great travelers. I'm most comfortable in foreign countries.

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SOUVENIR

“Parents always feel they have to bring something home to the kids, and I’m no exception. In Bali, I found this frog drum that croaks by twisting the attached stick—perfect for my folk-music-loving son.” —Dan Westergren, director of photography



Nat Geo Wild host Zeb Hogan with a giant trout in Mongolia

TRAVELING EXHIBIT

Really, Really Big Fish

Maybe grandpa’s old fishing tales weren’t exaggerations after all. Aquatic ecologist and Nat Geo Wild host Zeb Hogan, who has studied the world’s largest freshwater fish for more than a decade, showcases real-life leviathans in a new exhibit at National Geographic’s D.C. museum. Interactive displays, including a climbable 20-foot sawfish and a virtual fishing game, explain the growth spurt behind these underwater behemoths and why they’re essential to their ecosystems.

■ “MONSTER FISH” OPENS MARCH 25 AT THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MUSEUM, BEFORE MOVING TO RENO, NEVADA’S DISCOVERY MUSEUM IN NOVEMBER.

INSTAGRAM OF THE MONTH

Guiding Light

During dinner on Playa de los Muertos in **Puerto Vallarta, Mexico**, photographer Krista Rossow spotted a woman about to launch a paper lantern, snapping this shot before the light flew into the sunset.

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THROWBACK

Taken from National Geographic’s archives, this unpublished 1943 photo of a crowded streetcar in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, makes all other commutes look like a joyride. Perhaps unsurprisingly, Brazil’s historic streetcar service was suspended in 2011, after one of the trolleys derailed.

MARK THIESSEN/NGS (FROG); BRANT ALLEN (FISH); KRISTA ROSSOW (LANTERN); THREE LIONS INC/NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC CREATIVE (STREETCAR)

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SOUTH AFRICA



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NAVIGATING THE GLOBE

SMART TRAVELER

A guest at the
Golden Door
spa resort in
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MY CITY

Stories of Savannah

True tales in this Georgia town can be stranger than fiction BY GEORGE DAWES GREEN

WHENEVER FOLKS hear I'm from Savannah, they want to know if it's still the same as it was in John Berendt's best-selling *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*. They wonder, Does the city still have the book's romance—the mad artists, the oppressive beauty, the fever dreams of blood and passion?

I tell them, well, not if you just stay downtown. The rotting homes of the historic district—Lafayette Square and environs—were bought up, many of them, by rich Yankees and Atlantans, who restored and lacquered and polished them, and live in them two weeks a year. And the lawyers have turned the row houses into offices. You don't see many children playing, or dogs. You see sprinklers, mist, and sepulchral moss. The entire place can feel like a museum.

But the spirit of Savannah lives on. You just have to push out a bit. Go south or east or west of the old historic district.

For me, the living Savannah starts at my cousin Alvin's house in the Victorian district. The house is a grand turreted affair that looks as still and sober, from the front, as an embassy—but in fact it's teeming with life. It's full of Alvin's tenants. They live in the attic and in the basement, out in the coach house and in the maid's quarters above the kitchen. On warm Saturday evenings they gather for dinner in Alvin's garden. No invitations are sent. Everyone just shows up at sundown and starts roasting oysters and cooking crabs on the grill, and often Alvin himself, a consummately graceful man in his 70s, will come out and join them. This congeries of drifters and rednecks and poets will stay up till all hours, drinking and telling brilliant, luminescent lies.

Now bear with me as I recount the events of one spring evening in Alvin's garden that illustrate what my Savannah

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ADAM KUEHL

is all about. So we were all out there, laughing loudly and carelessly, when I happened to notice that Raymond, Alvin's handyman and majordomo, was not laughing at all but was looking daggers at our friend Harper, who lived in one of the coach house apartments.

Raymond was inflamed because his ladylove, Belinda, appeared to be flirting with Harper. Raymond grew more and more enraged until he finally declared: "Well, I've had about enough of the two of you."

Whereupon Harper squinted at him and said, "What is your problem, son? You know I'm completely gay. What do you think might be our *agenda* here?"

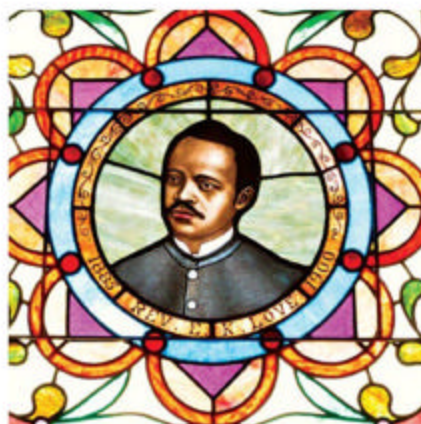
Raymond muttered, "No damn idea. But that don't make it no better."

He arose and staggered off to his rooms below the stairs,

Ultimate Frisbee. We stopped at the Sentient Bean for coffee, and some of the greatest raconteurs in Savannah happened to be there—bearded Tom Kohler, the brilliant Jane Fishman, Vaughnette Goode-Walker, dressed like a Jamaican sorceress.

We wandered to the Bull Street Auction, off Victory Drive, where on alternate Sundays, from 11 a.m. till about 5 p.m. (or when everything is sold), the true Savannah thrives. Gossip, nostalgia, peals of laughter, sharp little bidding wars. Mountains of swag being moved. This is where the bargains are (you'll notice a few of our top antique dealers scattered about, bidding like anyone else but trying to be discreet about it). In the back, Sue Martinez cooks surprisingly great Savannah classics with a Latin touch. Try her meatloaf and chocolate raspberry cake.

We left the auction house and took the railroad tracks



Left to right: "modern general store" Sylvester & Co., which also hosts local artist exhibits; stained glass portrait of a founding pastor at First African Baptist Church; Back in the Day Bakery's cupcake. Opposite: SCAD-owned Magnolia Hall, in Forsyth Park

slamming doors. We didn't see him again that night. Next day around noon, Alvin and Belinda and I were out in the garden, and we heard what sounded like a cry for help. We hushed up and listened, and it came again. Alvin said, "Oh, that sounds like Harper."

We went over to the coach house, to Harper's door. We called out, "Harper, you all right?"

Harper replied, "I'm sealed up alive in here."

Then we saw the grand arc of nails—30 or 40 of them—embedded all the way around his door.

Alvin went to get Raymond, who came with a hammer and started prying out the nails. But he wore a hangdog look. After a while he paused in his work and shook his head. He said quietly, "Well, maybe I did do this. I have no memory of it, and no earthly idea of why I would. But I woke up this morning with a nail gun next to my pillow, and I been wondering about that, and this might be the explanation."

Then he went back to work and freed Harper. And apologized to him, and to my cousin Alvin, and was not fired.

And then Harper and I went for a walk. We went south, away from the historic district—into the throbbing city.

We passed through Forsyth Park, where the kids from the Savannah College of Art and Design (SCAD) were playing

over to Montgomery Street. By now the African-American churches were letting out, and we kept passing families in their Sunday finery, greeting us with exuberant warmth. Meanwhile warblers were stitching up their nests in the crepe myrtle trees. The shop signs along soulful Montgomery Street: Manna Feast Café & Dee's Auto Spa, Bobo Seafood, Donna's Delicious Delights, the Against All Odds Barber Salon and Convenience Store.

Finally we came to Johnson Bros. Hand Car Wash, Rib & Chicken Shack and sat with the owners and consumed a great quantity of some of the best ribs in Savannah. Afterward, thoroughly overfed, we strolled back to Alvin's house in a slow circuitous route that took us past Laurel Grove Cemetery, where we sat and stared at the gravestones and said nothing to each other.

It was late when we got to Alvin's, and fish were on the grill and Raymond was already commencing to drink too much and to cast the evil eye. It always seems a bit overwrought, my Savannah, too much of this and too much of that. Then a spell of deep remorse. Then more of the same.

Best-selling novelist **GEORGE DAWES GREEN** is founder of the multimedia storytelling organization The Moth.



STRANGE PLANET

Weird Things Around the World

Air Hollywood Visitors can relive the Pan Am glory days with an “in flight” meal service aboard a 1970s airplane re-created on an L.A. film set. **Dancing Queen** Ninety percent of the disco balls made in the U.S. each year come from Louisville, Kentucky. **Worldly Wall** The base of Chicago’s Tribune Tower contains fragments of some 150 iconic sites around the world, including the Taj Mahal. —CHRISTINE BLAU

SKY WATCH

WHERE STARS ARE BRIGHT

For 25 years, NASA’s orbiting Hubble telescope has beamed mesmerizing images of our universe. But Earth dwellers can get stellar celestial views too:

LAKE POWELL, UTAH The combination of a thin atmosphere and lack of artificial light for miles gives **Natural Bridges National Monument** a bright, clear sky. View the colorful Milky Way through the “window” of the massive Owachomo Bridge (bottom).

MACKINAW CITY, MICHIGAN Located along the shore of Lake Michigan, **Headlands International Dark Sky Park** is one of 20 designated night sky parks in the world. See the constellations reflected in the water.

SEDONA, ARIZONA Gaze at the sky from **Cathedral Rock** in the Coconino National Forest. Recently recognized as the world’s eighth dark sky community, Sedona has clear skies at least 300 days a year. —MONIKA JOSHI



■ VIEW TEN OF THE BEST IMAGES FROM THE HUBBLE SPACE TELESCOPE IN THE APRIL ISSUE OF NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC.



PROBLEM SOLVED

To Plug In, or Not

By CHRISTOPHER ELLIOTT

Q. Can I rent an electric car for my summer road trip? You mean, is it practical to do so? Car rental companies have started adding electric vehicles, most famously the sleek Tesla Model S, which costs a steep \$400 or more a day. In 2010, Enterprise introduced a fleet of Nissan Leafs, and it now offers plug-in cars in select cities. But even if you can find one to rent, Chris Brown, the executive editor of *Auto Rental News*, cautions against it for a road trip, warning that most electric vehicles have ranges of less than a hundred miles. “In a new environment without knowledge of where to recharge, it doesn’t make sense,” he says. A more affordable and readily available option is a hybrid such as a Toyota Prius. Or, Brown recommends

NEED HELP?

Editor at Large Christopher Elliott is our consumer advocate and author of *How to Be the World’s Smartest Traveler* (National Geographic Books).

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an extended-range hybrid vehicle such as a Chevy Volt or a Ford Fusion, which drinks gas when the electric battery is out of juice.

Q. I’m planning a trip to China and am confused about visas. Any U.S. citizen visiting China needs a visa. In 2014 President Obama announced new policies for Chinese students and long-term visitors, and China reciprocated with a multiple-entry visa for U.S. travelers that’s valid for ten years. Visa applicants must visit the Chinese Embassy in D.C. or one of the five consulates in the U.S. If you can’t go in person, hire a company such as VisaRite Service to apply on your behalf and help navigate the varying requirements. Set aside at least two weeks for the process.

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Pu'uhonua o
Honaunau
on Hawaii's
Big Island

PARKS DEPARTMENT

America's Hidden Gems

Four national parks and landmarks beyond Yellowstone and Yosemite



HAWAII
SANDY SHELTER

A black lava flat on the west coast of Hawaii's Big Island houses the 420-acre **Pu'uhonua o Honaunau National Historical Park**, an ancient stone-walled safe place endowed with the power of past Hawaiian chiefs. Be sure to greet the scowling wooden *ki'i* statues (top) before entering the site, which also encompasses a former royal compound complete with thatched temples, fish ponds, and tracks used for *he'e bolua*, the primitive extreme sport of lava sledding.



OHIO
OUR FAIR LADIES

Every president since Herbert Hoover has earned a library to preserve records from his time in office, but it wasn't until 2000 that first ladies got their due: President Bill Clinton established the Canton, Ohio-based **First Ladies National Historic Site**, which includes the home of first lady Ida Saxton McKinley. Archives and exhibits—the latest features artifacts from Martha Jefferson, Sarah Polk, and Elizabeth Monroe—shed light on lives overshadowed by their famous spouses.



MARYLAND
THE RIGHT PATH

More than a home base for migratory birds, the marshy expanse of the Blackwater National Wildlife Refuge on Maryland's Eastern Shore provided food and cover to 19th-century slaves as they fled north. Today, parts of the refuge, along with a patchwork of neighboring federal and state lands, make up the new **Harriet Tubman Underground Railroad National Monument**, honoring the abolitionist who escaped bondage on a nearby plantation and went on to help hundreds to freedom.



ALASKA
REMOTE RETREAT

Thanks to unpredictable winds and coordinates smack in the middle of the roadless Alaska Peninsula, the **Aniakchak National Monument and Preserve** is one of the least-visited national parks—134 people stopped by in 2013, a boom compared with the 19 recorded visitors the previous year. Weather willing, the six-mile-wide, 2,500-foot-deep caldera is reachable by power boat or charter seaplane, but the trek is worth it for the tourist-free hiking, rafting, and volcanic vistas.

MACDUFF EVERTON/CORBIS (STATUES), KAREN KASMAUSKI/CORBIS (MAN), COLLEEN AF VENABLE (HOUSE), THEVOR CLARK/AURORA PHOTOS (WATER), GABE ROGEL (RAFT)

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At California's Golden Door (right), produce from an on-site farm tops a crab cake.



CHECKING IN

The American Spa Grows Up

From fat farms to transformational centers

RANCHO LA PUERTA

TECATE, MEXICO

Claim to fame: Turning 75 in June, it's North America's oldest destination spa. **Then:** "\$17.50 a week, bring your own tent." Burt Lancaster joined other health buffs in the desert south of San Diego and baked bread in an outdoor oven. **Now:** A loyal clientele books casitas adorned with Mexican tile and art, most with fireplaces, and takes classes such as "Hot Latin Cardio." They hike boulder-strewn Mount Kuchumaa and stroll 150 acres of organic gardens. **What's new:** A lounge pouring local wines; body treatments using herbs from the garden. Mexican cooking lessons are on the menu, followed by salsa dancing under the stars. **Cost:** From \$3,250 weekly

GOLDEN DOOR

ESCONDIDO, CALIFORNIA

Claim to fame: The U.S.'s first pampering spa retreat, opened in 1958. **Then:** Celebrities dropped weight for roles in a cossetting hideaway northeast of San Diego, styled like a Japanese inn and entered through a gleaming bronze portal. **Now:** Repeaters and newbies stay in 40 refurbished rooms with shoji screens, set in meticulously landscaped courtyards with paths lit by antique lanterns. They enjoy fragrant citrus-and-herb body wraps and daily in-room massages. **What's new:** Paddleboard yoga, mountaintop tai chi, plus classes to enhance sleep quality. More male-only weeks as men discover spa-going benefits. **Cost:** \$6,000 for four nights

CANYON RANCH

TUCSON, ARIZONA

Claim to fame: A spot to hit your reset button via medical assessments, alternative therapies, and spa treatments. **Then:** In 1979, a health convert transformed a cattle ranch in the desert at the base of the Santa Catalina Mountains into a fitness resort serving 800-calorie-a-day meals. **Now:** A 158-room center for wellness and optimal aging, it dishes up heftier meals including grass-fed beef and potato pancakes in Southwest-flavored surroundings. A Life Enhancement Center hosts themed weeks—"brain health" is one. **What's new:** "He stays free" promos targeting men; wilderness survival classes teaching animal tracking. **Cost:** From \$2,540 for three nights

NOTE: RATES ARE THE HOTELS' PUBLISHED PRICES. INQUIRE ABOUT SPECIAL OFFERS.

EDUTAINMENT

Don't Just Stand There, Talk to Me

A statue of Queen Victoria in London talks. So does a bronze sculpture of Hans Christian Andersen in Copenhagen. You can thank your smartphone and new geolocation technology for animating these formerly stoic icons. In **Copenhagen**, QR codes launch videos that light the eyes, move the lips, and cue the stories



(in both English and Danish) of ten historic landmarks around Denmark's capital. Learn about the lives behind these immortalized Danes, such as 14th-century astronomer Tycho Brahe, who describes his studies of the universe outside of the Copenhagen Observatory.

In **London** and **Manchester**, a similar interactive project gives statues a voice with help from local actors and writers. A smartphone tap or QR scan at 35 various monuments prompts an immediate call from Sherlock Holmes expressing suspicion about his surroundings or Peter Pan chiming in from Neverland.

—CHRISTINE BLAU

JESSICA SAMPLE (FOOD, WOMAN), PJTRAVEL/ALAMY (QUEEN VICTORIA)



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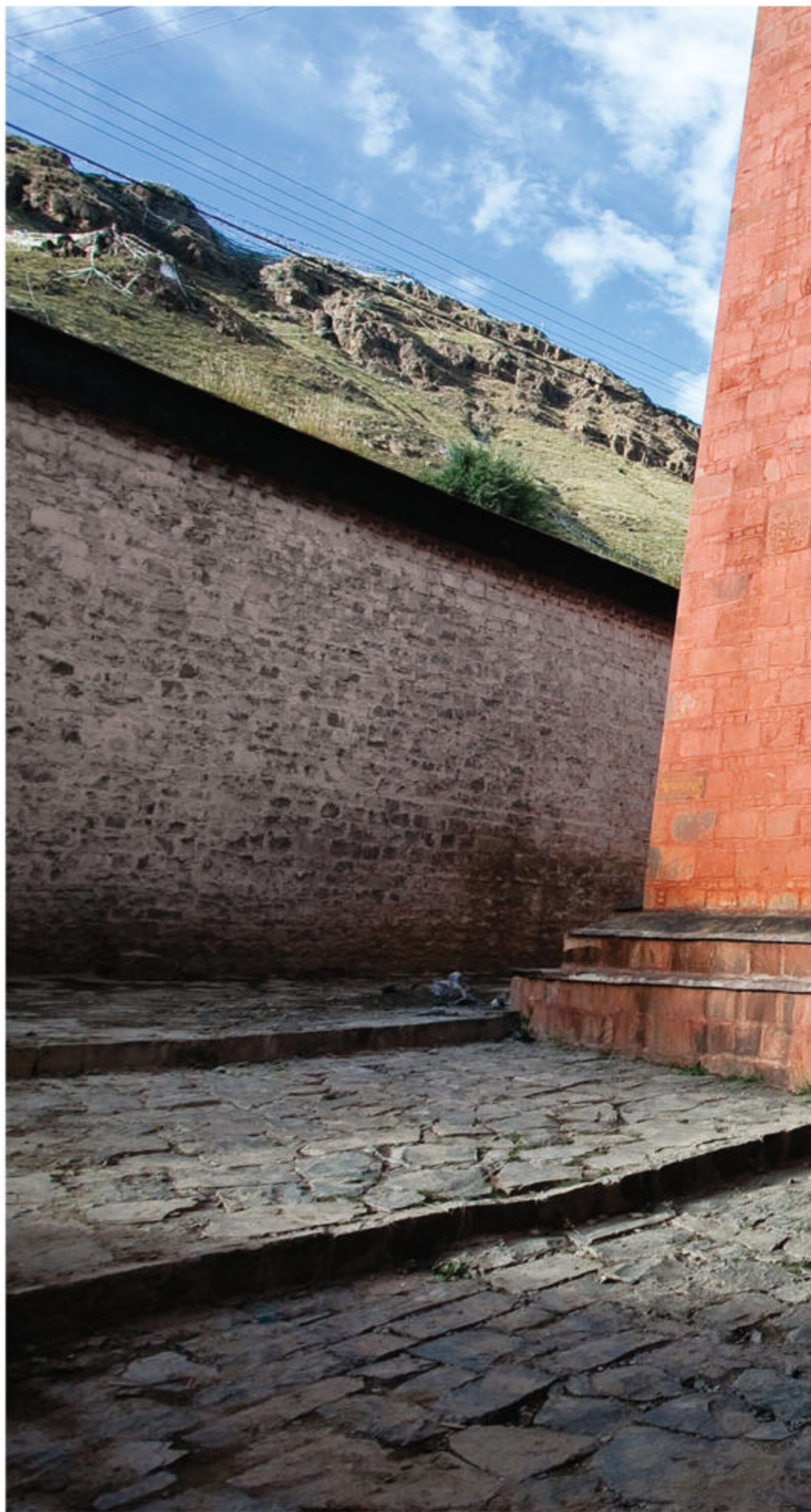
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WINDOW INTO TIBET

Simple, yet with a strong sense of place. That's what stood out about this image of Tibet's historic **Tashilhunpo Monastery** from the 7,000 submissions we received for our online #BestoftheWorld photo challenge. "I especially liked how the lines of the walkway, walls, and windows cross the frame from all different directions, making for a very graphic composition," says associate photo editor Ben Fitch. San Diego-based photographer Yu Shi found himself drawn to the architecture and colors of the monastery. "I was attracted to those particular windows," says Shi, who travels to Asia for business. "I like their shape and the color, and I waited there 30 to 40 minutes until a couple of monks walked by. The peacefulness you can feel through the photo reflects the spirit of Buddhism."

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Tashilhunpo Monastery
was founded in 1447 by
the first Dalai Lama.



A faux cavern in southeastern France opens to visitors.

DOUBLE TAKE

A FRENCH CAVE GETS CLONED

MORE THAN 1,000 PREHISTORIC paintings dot the newly inducted UNESCO site of Grotte Chauvet-Pont-d'Arc—a cave located around 45 minutes outside of Aubenas, in France's Rhône-Alpes region—and you will never see them because the landmark closed indefinitely to protect its 30,000-year-old artworks, which are more than twice the age of the famous Lascaux cave paintings. But visitors can still marvel at the sketches

in a full-scale replica cave that opens in April, adjacent to the original. Scientists relied on 3-D models and scans to create carbon copies of the subterranean structure's exact dimensions, and also mimicked the Grotte Chauvet-Pont-d'Arc's humidity, acoustics, and temperature—providing a familiar habitat for the hand-etched reproductions of mammoths, bison, and bears that roam the fake rock walls. —*Hannah Sheinberg*

ART BEAT

A FRIDA KAHLO FIESTA

THE UNIBROW IS BACK. The 20th-century Mexican painter who loved self-portraits and Diego Rivera has posthumous popularity down to an art form. This year, there are at least three North American venues to experience Frida Kahlo. In March, her chaotic life finds its sound track with *Frida* at Detroit's Michigan Opera Theatre. A new exhibit, "Frida Kahlo: Art, Garden, Life," will begin at the New York Botanical Garden (May 16-November 1), re-creating her Mexico City home's outdoor garden. And the Mexican town of San Miguel de Allende, inspired by Kahlo and Rivera's dinner parties, has potential plans for a fall food festival dedicated to the couple. —*H.S.*

"Self-Portrait With Thorn Necklace and Hummingbird" (1940), showing at the New York Botanical Garden in May



BOOKSHELF

Pages That Reveal the World



IN MANCHURIA
By MICHAEL MEYER

Once the wild frontier, Manchuria is the latest example of Chinese-style progress. Meyer recounts living in a rural commune turned company town.



THE LAST UNICORN
By WILLIAM DEBUYS

When a magnificently horned mammal is found in remote Laos, deBuys sets out to become the first Westerner to see it.



THE FAULT LINE
By PAOLO RUMIZ

It's "goodbye, Iron Curtain; hello, EU scaffolding," as Rumiz learns in a journey through new post-Soviet Europe.

—DON GEORGE

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Beverly Joubert
frames the picture
in Botswana's
Selinda Reserve.



EXPLORERS

They Shoot to Save

Dereck and Beverly Joubert are on a desperate mission in Africa

FIRST, THEY FELL IN LOVE with each other—then with the fauna of Africa. National Geographic Explorers-in-Residence Dereck and Beverly Joubert have spent the past three decades captivating audiences with their rare footage and photographs of big cats. Now, they're taking aim at a different kind of challenge: conservation tourism. By occupying land that might otherwise be poaching grounds, the husband-and-wife team's Great Plains Conservation safari camps in Botswana and Kenya give lions, leopards, elephants, and other wildlife a chance at survival. At least for now.

Q. Why conservation? Our connection to Africa travels beyond tourism, beyond the photography we make. We cannot be at peace if we let species go extinct. Ultimately, conservation is about securing land.

Q. How can tourism help? One conversation can lead to a massive change. A year ago, we sat across the table from a Chinese guest. He asked

us to describe the problem with African wildlife in a sentence. Our answer: "We use, abuse, shoot, and eat wildlife." "Who are the culprits?" he asked. "Mostly the Chinese," we said. After debating this topic, we have formed a lasting friendship and a commitment to make a film together for the Chinese market. He's also funding a feature film, starring Christian Slater, about rhino horn laundering in China.



Q. What's next? This year we will move 100 rhinos from the highest poaching zone (South Africa) to the lowest (Botswana) while also distributing DNA—diversifying our rhinos' asset portfolio, so to speak. The initiative, called Rhinos Without Borders, is the largest move of rhinos in history. And we will keep going.

Q. Can you imagine an Africa without animals? Landscapes are simply space unless they are filled with life. Extinctions are the beginning of the end—missing pieces in a mosaic that erode us, and the land itself. —Katie Knorovsky



LOCAL FLAVOR

CALIFORNIA'S HOTTEST SPOT

AFTER A FIERY controversy over hot pepper fumes in 2013, the Huy Fong Sriracha factory, located 30 minutes outside of Los Angeles, cleaned up its act—as well as its air—and now fuels the condiment's cult status with facility tours. Sriracha is a generic term, named after a port city in Thailand where the sauce was supposedly born. Most Americans squeeze the green-capped Huy Fong version, created in 1980 by Vietnamese immigrant David Tran using local jalapeños. Tran never anticipated dedicated cookbooks, food festivals, and an affinity among astronauts in space. View the behind-the-scenes process on the tour, from crushing peppers to constructing bottles—just don't breathe in too deeply. —Christine Blau

WORDS TO TRAVEL BY

Balagan (n., adj.) Hebrew for “chaos,” this popular Israeli slang term can describe everything from political drama to aggressive traffic. Example: *The Jerusalem market is always balagan before Shabbat!*



Airlines chart a cloudy path to sustainability.

TRENDING

Green Skies Ahead?

By COSTAS CHRIST

LAST YEAR, Finnair flew a demonstration flight from Helsinki to New York using a new jet fuel containing 10 percent recycled cooking oil; Lufthansa took off on Europe's first scheduled commercial flight powered partly by sugar-based bio-kerosene; and this year British Airways embarks on Green Sky London, a project to convert city garbage into sustainable low-carbon jet fuel. On the horizon: plans to build windowless airplanes that aim to further conserve fuel by replacing passenger windows with flexible lightweight display screens.

Has the age of flying green arrived? Not quite. With tourism on the march—the World Tourism Organization predicts nearly two billion globe-trotters by 2030—more flights mean more planet-threatening carbon in the atmosphere.

Air travelers can take small but helpful steps, such as buying carbon offsets and flying during daylight hours, when plane contrails reflect the sun's heat back into space and reduce the climate impact. But tackling the problem will require far-reaching actions by decision-makers. If the aviation industry can unite around sustainable best practices the way it rallied in 2012 to defeat a carbon tax on airline pollution, we will see faster and better solutions for flying green.

The airline industry profits from selling nature—think travel posters and TV ads flaunting unspoiled tropical islands and pristine wilderness—so its leaders must ramp up their efforts to save it.

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Devil's Tower National Monument



Patrons drink in the history of Caffè San Marco in Trieste, Italy.

POSTCARD FROM TRIESTE

The Late Afternoon Grind

AT DUSK IN THIS NORTHEASTERN Italian city, everything turns pink. The water of the Grand Canal, flowing inland from the Adriatic Sea toward a waterfront statue of James Joyce, reflects the slanting light. The white Habsburg facades, remnants of Trieste's former glory as an Austro-Hungarian port, blush in the hazy sun. Men in suits and flat caps gather along the docks of the canal, where elegant women in furs leash greyhounds. The hour for *caffè*—Trieste is home to the famous coffee roasting company Illy, after all—slides seamlessly into the time for *aperitivo*: wine, and small plates like thick bread topped with local cheese.

Elsewhere in Italy, locals down espresso on the go, but Trieste is a city for lingerers. The ornate, wood-paneled “grand cafés” here honor the legacy of Vienna, not Rome. Though the city has a complicated history—it belonged to

Italy, Austria, Germany during World War II, Yugoslavia, and finally Italy again—Trieste is particularly proud of its literary legacy. James Joyce finished writing *Dubliners* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* in this city; novelist and Trieste native Italo Svevo was a regular at the century-old Caffè San Marco—adorned with frescoed muses and bronze-painted coffee leaves—where today a man in a sweater-vest scribbles on his companion's manuscript with a red pen.

Here, many of the senior professors at the city's university have their own tables reserved.

Coffee in Trieste has a language of its own: You order not espresso but *nero*, not cappuccino but a *capo in tazza grande*. Those not looking for caffeinated cups ask for a *deca*.

I should leave to catch my train; instead, I order another drink. In Trieste, I have learned, there is seldom any rush. —Tara Isabella Burton

Trieste is for lingerers. The “grand cafés” of this city honor the legacy of Vienna, not Rome.



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ADVENTURE 101

Surfing Costa Rica

For beginners, the best waves are here

SURFERS AND WANNABES have been flocking to Costa Rica's Guanacaste Province since the film *The Endless Summer 2*—documentarian Bruce Brown's follow-up to his 1966 surf classic—popularized it 21 years ago. The region, on the country's northwestern coast, is a meteorological sweet spot between the northern and southern swells generated in the Pacific. "Nowhere on Earth has as many surfable days each year as Guanacaste, and the waves rarely get over a few feet," says Ru Hill, founder of Surf Simply, an

A surfer slices through a barrel wave at Playa Negra in Tamarindo, Costa Rica.

instructional resort outside of Nosara. "So while you won't find many big-wave surfers visiting the area, it's the perfect destination for the rest of us."

GETTING STARTED Guanacaste has a spot for every type of wave rider, from Tamarindo—the most accessible and developed town, with a range of lodging options and nonsurfing diversions—to isolated Mal Pais, a laid-back strip of beach favored by celebrities (Mel Gibson and Gisele Bündchen both have houses here). In recent years, however, the village of Nosara has emerged as a surfing hot spot with a handful of schools setting up shop along Playa

Guiones, a four-mile stretch known for its unspoiled beauty. "It's a national refuge, so you can't build on the beach. When you're in the water and looking back toward the shoreline, you just see jungle," says Keith Coleman, an instructor whose family runs Corky Carroll's Surf School in Nosara. For novices, the conditions at Guiones are the big selling point. "Waves are gentle, and there are no rocks, riptides, or algae so people like getting in the water," says Adrian Suarez, co-founder of Agua Tibia Surf School. And thanks to the gently sloping ocean floor that keeps waves from breaking quickly, surfers have a greater window of opportunity to catch waves.

READING WAVES Choose from à la carte instruction, like Agua Tibia, which offers 90-minute group lessons (\$40) and weeklong packages (\$280), to all-inclusive camps such as Corky Carroll's, where one rate (from \$2,150 a week per person) covers accommodations, meals, lessons, board rental, and airport transfers from Liberia or San José. Each school has its own technique, but typically students are coached in and out of the water, including videotaping and feedback. Learn how to read waves, choose a board, get in and out of the surf safely, and ultimately stand up on a board (though instructors will insist that's not the point).

SURF READY While knowing how to swim isn't a prerequisite, those who can do the front crawl—150 feet or more at a clip—won't be limited to surfing in waist-high water. Log some laps at your local pool to build stamina for paddling. Hill prescribes push-ups for women to strengthen their upper body and stretches for men over 30, who are often limited by Achilles tendons.

THE SWEETEST SEASON Surf in Nosara is fairly consistent year-round, but most schools take a break during the rainy season from August to November. Book at least six months in advance, especially if you're hoping for a space over the summer months. Your best bet is right after the rains, says Kelsey Coleman, who handles bookings at Corky Carroll's. "November is a secret little season, when the jungle is really green and lush." —Margaret Loftus



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Tent Rocks

Like a wonderland from a fairyland, the cone-shaped formations at Kasha-Katuwe Tent Rocks National Monument entice visitors young and old. Take the family on a hike through this exciting slot canyon just outside Albuquerque, and they'll treasure it for a lifetime. Keep your eyes peeled for "Apache tears," pieces of polished volcanic glass.

Zip Line Thrills

Looking for adrenaline adventures? Several New Mexico mountain resorts have recently installed zip lines for the young at heart. Angel Fire Resort's tour of six zip lines will send you flying high above breathtaking Moreno Valley. Or, in the southern part of the state, Ski Apache has parallel cables that'll give you and a friend a 1.7-mile glide at up to 65 miles an hour. By summer 2015, Red River Ski Area's ropes course and zip line will be up and ready.

White Sands

Rising from the heart of the Tularosa Basin, White Sands National Monument is one of Earth's greatest natural wonders. The monument preserves a major portion of the world's largest gypsum dunefield, 275 square miles of desert covered by sparkling, wavelike dunes. Take family-friendly trails to look for local plants and animals.

All Aboard

Take a ride on the Cumbres and Toltec Scenic Railroad, the country's longest narrow-gauge railway. Featured in many Westerns, this historic train line climbs up past rock formations and rolling meadows to 10,015-foot-high Cumbres Pass. Through Toltec Gorge, past shimmering aspens and dark green conifers, a chuffing steam locomotive transports you to the Old West.

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Albuquerque: Fun for Everyone

Take time for Albuquerque's rich offerings of Southwestern culture and heritage. Living history museums, Native American jewelry, creative local cuisine—all these and more await you and your family under a sage-and-piñon-scented blue sky.

For spectacular panoramas, shoot up the Sandia Peak Aerial Tramway, the continent's longest aerial tram. You'll travel 2.7 miles, soaring over rugged rock escarpments and deep canyons to the 10,378-foot summit. Explore the majestic heights on foot or by bike.

For even more stunning views from above, try hot-air ballooning, any time of year. Get an overview of the lighter-than-air craft at the Anderson-Abruzzo Albuquerque International Balloon Museum, the world's top balloon museum.

Albuquerque's melting pot of cultures is nowhere more evident than in its restaurants. Plates vary from Spanish tapas and Native fusion dishes to fine French fare and vibrant Latin recipes. Or go for a classic Route 66 diner. Wherever you dine, the accent is on local chiles—you'll find the green variety fried into rellenos, piled on cheeseburgers, and stuffed into breakfast burritos.

Take a break from the kids and hop on a *Breaking Bad* RV tour to see locations from the popular show. Other tours include chile bike tours and Old Town and Downtown ghost tours.

VisitABQ.org



Photos: VisitABQ.org (left), Jay Blackwood — Sandia Peak Ski and Tram (above)

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ALBUQUERQUE

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Albuquerque International Balloon Fiesta®

This not-to-be-missed event is sure to keep the oohs and ahs coming from every family member. Albuquerque's 365-acre Balloon Fiesta Park is the launch pad for a fleet of hot-air and gas balloons that take to the New Mexico sky every October. In mass ascensions, some 600 balloonists all launch within a two-hour period.

The excitement builds with the whoosh of gas burners as the tear-drop and special-shape balloons inflate prior to takeoff. The best times to be on-site are at dawn or dusk—the sweet blue sky and soft light are perfect for shooting pictures. Another interesting local effect, the "Albuquerque Box" is an unusual combination of wind patterns and local geography that allows balloonists to travel out and back again.

The world's premier balloon event started back in 1972 with just 13 balloons; it now attracts more than 600 balloonists and 850,000 guests. The continent's largest annual international event, it's also thought to be the world's most photographed. You and your family will never forget the Albuquerque sky filled with colorful giant balloons.

Concessions, arts and crafts, and musical entertainment complement the nine-day festival, which will be held October 3-11, 2015.

balloonfiesta.com



Photos: Bernie Bos (left), Nienke Bos (above)

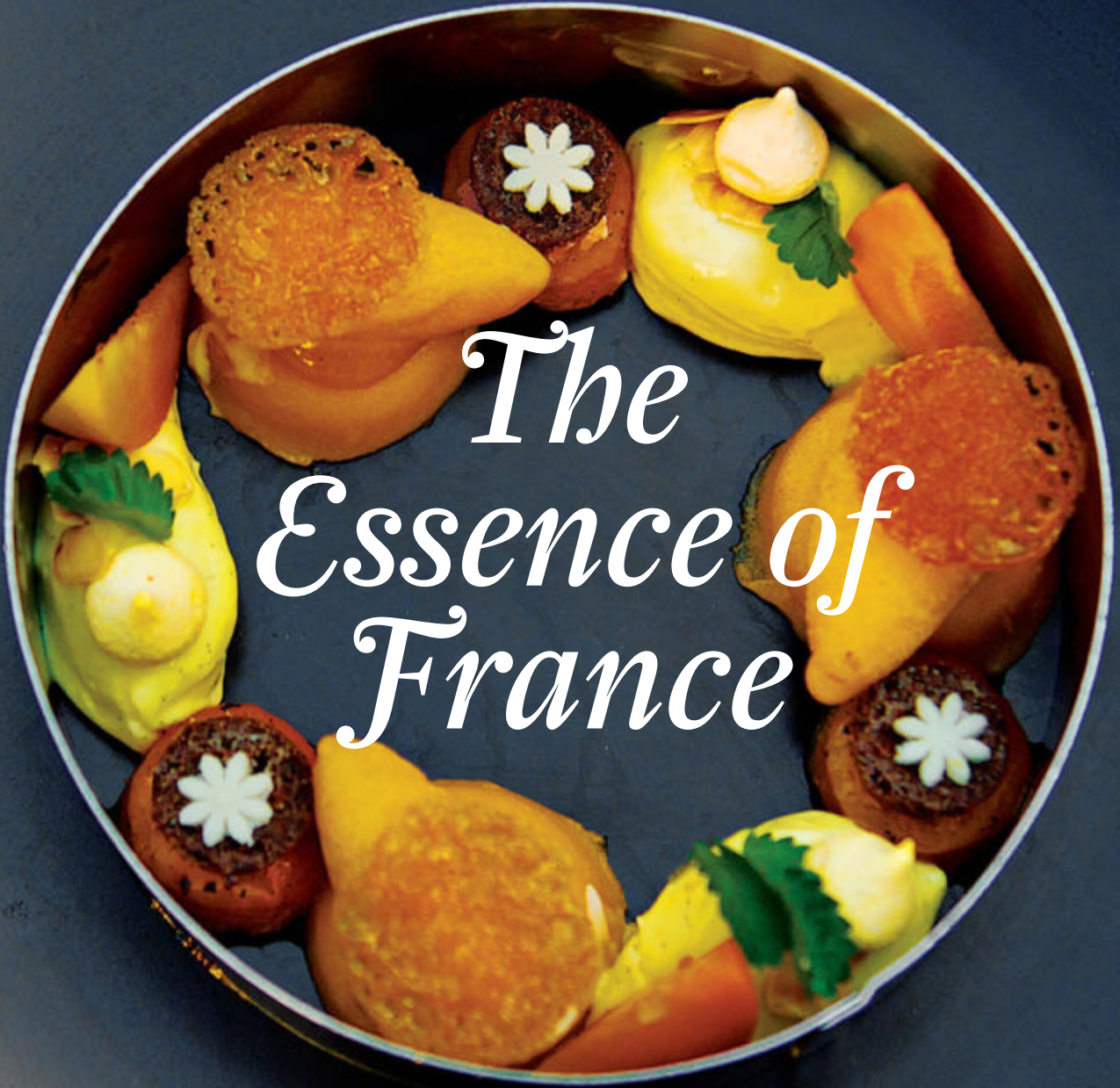
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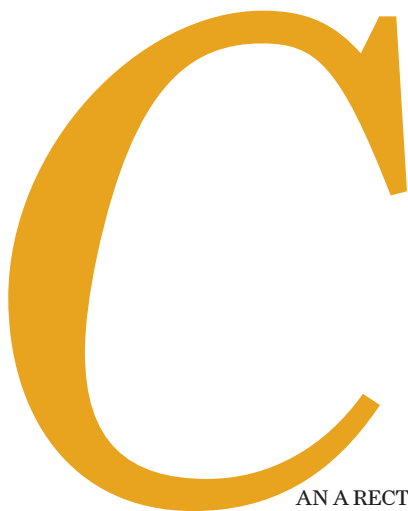


BY CHRISTOPHER HALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID BACHER



The Essence of France

*Lavender fields forever: It looks like
Provence and smells like Provence—
but the crowds are few in
Drôme Provençale*



AN A RECTANGLE of card stock compel a journey halfway around the world? As I drive on this bright July afternoon past a blur of vineyards and sunflowers on the Autoroute du Soleil (“motorway of the sun”), I reach for the worn business card in my shirt pocket and ponder its power. The names “M et Mme Maurice Reboul” and their titles (producers and distillers of essential oils) are printed on the image of a lavender field. That’s all it took—plus half a decade of pining—to bring me back to France’s Drôme Provençale, a swath of quiet countryside north of Provence proper.

Five years ago, Monsieur Reboul handed me the card while we stood next to a field abloom in lavender. His tanned, angular face—with the ghost of an old scar on one cheek—sweated in the sun of southern France. In the field, a roaring mechanical harvester crept through the plants, shearing them into low, spiky mounds, an army of gray-green porcupines in precise rows marching to the horizon.

I had spotted Reboul while driving through this unassuming pocket of truffle forests, rolling farmland, and ancient hilltop villages. I stopped to ask directions, and we fell into conversation. “I’m 47 years old and have been a farmer and distiller all my life,” he told me, going on to explain that in 1947 his grandfather started the distillery that Reboul now runs with his cousin.

I told him how surprised I was to find such a stunning region unsaturated by mass tourism, its roads virtually empty of the motor homes and excursion buses that clog Provence each summer.

“Ah, but Provence is legendary, and we are not,” he said, laughing, clearly happy for that. As we spoke, newly harvested lavender—pungent from volatile oils, redolent of flowers and mown hay and crushed eucalyptus leaves—perfumed the air. Reboul shook my hand and said goodbye. Time to get back to work. He handed me his card and walked toward the field.

“If you ever return during the harvest,” he called out, “come see the distillery in action.”

The warmth of the sun and of Monsieur Reboul, the scent of fresh-cut lavender, a brief 10-minute conversation—that was it. And yet Reboul’s card came to embody all of this region for me and the promise, if ever I returned, of getting to know a radiant slice of rural France—*la France*

profonde—that remains unhurried, uncrowded, authentic. Over the years I’ve kept the card on my desk in San Francisco as a kind of talisman, fingering it often, especially on cold, gray days with fog shrouding the city. Maybe it would get me back to that fragrant place where, I imagined, skies are perpetually sunny and all farmers friendly.

IT IS HOT AND CLEAR during my hour and a half drive north from the Marseille airport to Drôme Provençale, where I plan to stay near the town of Grignan. I hop off the high-speed autoroute and immediately slow to the pace of the countryside and its twisting roads, stopping in St. Paul Trois Châteaux for a cool drink on a shaded square. A fountain splashes, a counterpoint to the crescendo of buzzing cicadas. A wedding couple emerge from a darkened cathedral into the piercing afternoon light, slip into a black 1930s Citroën dotted with pink roses, and zoom away. Already it feels as if I’ve picked up where I left off five years ago.

The weather, however, is another story. On the phone, Monsieur Reboul tells me that tomorrow, Sunday, no one works at the distillery or in the fields, and Monday calls for rain. We make a date for Tuesday, the day before I leave, though he warns that if no lavender has been harvested by then, the distillery won’t be running. The reality of a lavender farmer and distiller’s life, I realize, is less about postcard views than weather forecasts.

That evening, I head for dinner in Vinsobres, a wine-making village on a hillside above the moss green Eygues River. At a bistro table next to the stone wall of a church, I dig into rich fish soup and a robust Provençale dish of fork-tender veal simmered with tomatoes. Swifts scream overhead in pursuit of flying insects. Trickle of condensation run down bottles of chilled rosé. Strangers at adjacent tables and I compare dishes and joke with the servers.

After dark, I drop into the annual village dinner, dance, and pétanque tournament in tiny Solérieux. The ball game is over and the champion crowned by the time I arrive at 10 p.m., and now the entire village sits together on long planks under

the stars, laughing, talking, and finishing their meals. A singer armed with a karaoke machine pumps French pop tunes into the warm night air. A scrum of young kids tears by. A boy no more than six years old peels off and approaches. He shows me a large horned beetle he’s caught. “Do you live here?” he suddenly asks.

No, I reply. But I’d like to.

“LAVENDER IS PART of the Drôme landscape but also our French heritage,” Odile Tassi tells me the following day when I visit her farm on the plateau of Clansayes. A former marketing executive from Lyon, with sun-streaked blond hair and a brilliant smile, Tassi now grows lavender for her own line of health and beauty products.

I arrived late for a public tour of Tassi’s farm, having lost track of time during a busy day that took in the sprawling outdoor market of Nyons, a picnic and long country walk under increasingly

Opposite, clockwise from top left: A monk paces the Aiguebelle Abbey. Le Poët Laval’s medieval castle overlooks the Jabron Valley. Shoppers after baked goods and regional specialties keep the Nyons market bustling. Vintage charm is a fact of life in Drôme Provençale villages such as Grignan. Opening pages: Odile Tassi (left) runs her farm, L’Essentiel de Lavande, with a hands-on approach. Local apricots (right) sweeten summer desserts.



Surrounded by lavender country, Grignan crowns a hilltop in southeastern France. Dating to the 11th century, the fortified village harbors a large Renaissance castle, stone houses, and inns.







At the base of Grignan's castle, Le Clair de la Plume hotel and restaurant welcomes guests with dining en plein air (above) and other Provençal comforts (left) befitting its setting in lavender country (below). Opposite: Truffle producer Gilles Aymes enlists his trained yellow Labradors to sniff out the buried treasure in an oak grove at the Domaine de Bramarel estate outside Grignan.



cloudy skies, and a village *vide-grenier* (rummage sale) beneath the medieval walls of Richerenches. Raindrops now spit from the steely sky.

"Obviously, you haven't kept anyone waiting," Tassi says with a laugh when I apologize for being tardy. Though it's the middle of lavender season, a time when similar farms down in Provence swarm with visitors, I'm the only one on the tour. Inside, Tassi tells me to sniff three vials of lavender essential oils and choose which I prefer. The first has a sharp aroma, the second almost no smell. I choose the third, a classic lavender scent.

"That's *lavandin*," Tassi says, nodding, "a natural hybrid of the *lavande fine*, or true lavender, that you first smelled, and the *lavande aspic* that you sampled next." Tassi explains that virtually everyone chooses *lavandin*, which has been grown commercially since the 1930s and is the dominant lavender crop here.

We walk into her fields. The soil is dry and rocky—perfect for the herb—and in the distance a patchwork of purple and blue fields alternates with squares of golden wheat and lush vineyards. I rhapsodize about the scenery, but Tassi talks rainfall, yield, and agricultural pests. She is farmer through and through.

Tassi suggests I try the terrace of a nearby bistro for dinner, and it's there, between bites of artichoke hearts in vinaigrette and velvety foie gras on toast, that the skies fully let loose. Rain lashes the terrace as diners and waiters grab dishes and flee inside. It storms all night and continues to rain throughout the following day, when a low fog renders the lavender fields gauzy and gray. This is not the sun-splashed land I imagined but one of hushed beauty. Even the cicadas have fallen silent.

FINALLY, THE DAY BEFORE I leave the area, the sun returns, creating steam on the still damp road as I drive to Domaine de Bramarel, an estate outside Grignan. There I join *trufficulteur* Gilles Aymes, his two yellow Labradors, Ebel and Aria, and a handful of visitors for a lesson on growing and hunting truffles.

"Truffles were totally wild until around 1850 when people, including my great-grandfather, figured out how to promote their growth around oaks and other trees," says Aymes, a silver-haired man who speaks with a pronounced Provençal twang. "And though people associate French truffles with Périgord, more are produced in Drôme Provençale than anywhere else in France." Even with coveted truffles, I marvel to myself, this region flies below the radar.

We follow Aymes into an oak grove, where the dogs, who have been trained from the age of nine weeks to love the taste and smell of truffles, immediately paw the ground. Afterward, during a tasting, I give in to their imploring eyes and can't help but sneak them a nibble.

Late in the day, I finally drive to Maurice Reboul's distillery, located on a narrow lane near Montségur sur Lauzon. Coming around a bend, I spot the workaday metal prefab building. There's no steam venting from the smokestacks.

"The fields are still too wet to harvest," says Reboul after greeting me. He looks exactly as I remember except that his dark hair has gone gray around the temples. "I'm afraid the distillery won't be working until late tomorrow or the next day."

That doesn't matter, I tell him, and in truth it doesn't. In the place that my imagination conjured around his business card, this turn of events would have been a letdown. But in travel, reality is always more interesting than fantasy, even when real life means gully washers, delayed lavender harvests, and nonoperational distilleries.

For an hour, I follow Reboul around the distillery as he points out its workings, a Rube Goldberg assemblage of pipes and valves and boilers that in one hour can extract oil from



flowers. I meet his business manager and wave hello to his cousin. I listen as Reboul describes both the satisfaction of producing highly sought-after essential oils, and—like Odile Tassi—the worries that come with being a farmer. He allows me a glimpse at his life.

Finally, as we're parting ways, I show Monsieur Reboul the card I've been carrying. He shakes his head and smiles, perhaps at the craziness of an American keeping it so long—someone, I'm sure, he has no recollection of ever meeting.

I put the card back in my shirt pocket. Later, I will return it to its spot on my desk. But in truth, I don't need it anymore. The brightness of memory—and the warmth of real connection—outshine even this cherished keepsake.

CHRISTOPHER HALL explored California's Central Coast in "Days of Wine and Olives" (December 2013/January 2014). Born in Virginia, photographer **DAVID BACHER** today lives near Paris. This is his first feature for *Traveler*.

Drôme, France

THE LAVENDER HARVEST in the Drôme Provençale section of the Rhône-Alpes region rivals that of the more famous—and crowded—fields of Luberon in Provence to the south. Harvest dates vary, generally beginning at lower elevations around Grignan and Valréas in late June and continuing into August in the highlands to the north and east.

WHERE TO EAT

Provençal comfort food such as garlicky *soupe de poisson* (fish soup) and eggplant gratin shine at homey **L'Auberge du Petit Bistrot**, whose tables spill into an adjoining square in the tiny hilltop village of Vinsobres.

At St. Restitut's **Bistrot Sidoine**, the changing chalkboard menu of small plates may include a soufflé-like *moelleux* of leeks and local Picodon goat cheese. The outdoor terrace draws a crowd during warmer months.

The elegant modern interior of **Restaurant O'Rabasse**, in Richerenches, sets the scene

for inventive seasonal dishes like sautéed prawns with foamy langoustine sauce and chilled apricot soup. The wine list features hard-to-find Rhône vintages.

Inside the stone walls of Le Poët Laval, a medieval village, **Les Hospitaliers** serves up pork loin with a rich mushroom sauce, a frozen cassis parfait, and other classic French fare. The restaurant is part of a 22-room hotel with pool.

WHERE TO STAY

Bordered by wheat and lavender fields outside the hamlet of Colonzelle, **La Moutière**

has three B&B rooms and five self-catering apartments in renovated 18th-century stone buildings originally used in silk production. A large swimming pool lies at one end of the four-acre grounds, and guests can take the inn's bicycles into the countryside. From \$149.

Decorated in an airy, French-country style, the 16 rooms and suites of **Le Clair de la Plume** occupy two old houses and a walled garden in the village of Grignan. A stone swimming

pond makes a cool refuge on summer days, while the hotel's highly regarded restaurant offers a truffle tasting menu. From \$123.

LAVENDER 101

Though Maurice Reboul's distillery, named for his grandfather Raoul Duffez, is not typically open for tours, visitors can get immersed in the lavender experience at **L'Essentiel de Lavande**, a small farm outside Clansayes. Meet owner Odile Tassi, tour the fields, take a smell test

of essential oils, observe distillation through a miniature transparent still, and enjoy a massage under oak trees.

During lavender season, **Distillerie Bleu Provence** in Nyons offers guided visits of its working distillery as well as soap- and perfume-making workshops.



LOCAL FLAVOR OLIVE AFFAIR

Nyons olives became the first olives in France to earn their own AOC, a legal certification of geographic origin and quality awarded to unique agricultural products. The violet-black Tanche variety (left) grown here produces fruit as well as extra-virgin oil characterized by a remarkably rich, fruity taste and little to no bitterness. Sample cured olives and oil at the vast markets in central Nyons on Thursdays and, in summer, Sundays.

ATLAS



More than 350 crocodiles live at La Ferme aux Crocodiles, a research facility and Drôme Provençale's number one tourist attraction.

Drôme Provençale is home to three of the 157 officially designated most beautiful villages of France: La Garde Adhémar, Le Poët Laval, and Montbrun les Bains.

At the Truffle Mass each January in Richerenches, congregants fill collection baskets with black truffle specimens.





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Photo: Chase Fountain/TPWD

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PEAK EXPERIENCE

WHO CELEBRATES A NEW MARRIAGE AND A BIG BIRTHDAY WITH
A GRUELING HIKE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE'S WHITE MOUNTAINS?
JOYCE MAYNARD DOES



Reflecting the glow
of a setting sun, the
Lakes of the Clouds
hut is one of eight
high huts in the
White Mountains.



IT'S JUST BEFORE NOON ON
A TUESDAY IN AUGUST, AND
AT ALMOST ANY OTHER
PLACE IN THE STATE OF
NEW HAMPSHIRE, THE SUN
WOULD BE SHINING AND
MY NEW HUSBAND, JIM,
AND I WOULD BE WEARING



T-shirts and shorts. But we are three hours into day two of our multiday hike along the Presidential Range in the White Mountains—and we’ve just summited the highest White, Mount Washington, known (in weather circles anyway) for the strongest wind speed ever recorded in North America. Right now the gauges around the mountaintop weather station are measuring gusts of over 80 miles an hour. The thermometer hovers at 38°F. But the toughest part is not the wind whipping my face, or my aching knees. It’s that in a day and a half of rigorous hiking, not one glorious vista has shown itself through the mist. The view I’ve had is of my boots tromping up a trail so covered with rocks and gnarly tree roots that one false step could send me flying.

“What’s the point of climbing a mountain,” I ask Jim, an Eagle Scout with a long list of hiking successes but no experience of the East Coast, “when all you get at the top is clouds?”

No response. Even when his socks are wet (as is true now), Jim seldom complains.

“Would you please remind me why we are here?” I prod.

In fact, I know the answer. One of those birthdays looms again for me—the kind with a zero at the end of it. Back in the comfort of home it had seemed like a great idea to mark my 60th year by mastering a large physical challenge, something that daunted me even when I was young. Say, bagging seven peaks in four days. I am a proud native of New Hampshire (transplanted to California), with a refrigerator magnet that trumpets the Granite State’s motto, “Live Free or Die,” displayed prominently in my kitchen. For years, my best friend during my New Hampshire youth, Laurie, regaled me with stories of her “glorious” White Mountain hikes and urged me to accompany her, but I always begged off. In the 40-plus years I’d called the state home, I’d never gotten around to climbing even one peak in the range. Honestly, the prospect intimidated me.

New Hampshireites grow up with stories of capricious and even fatal weather changes in these mountains. Snowfall has been recorded on Mount Washington every month of the year. Even when the sun shines, obstacles await. Where trails in the West tend to feature switchbacks, no-nonsense New Englanders preferred shortest distances between points and laid the trails out in a way that calls for nearly nonstop ascent, or descent. For these reasons, a hike of the Presidential Range—a route that visits seven peaks honoring American presidents—is one of the most rigorous of the entire Appalachian Trail system.

I have another reason to return to the Presidentials in my 60th year. On a considerably smaller and sunnier New Hampshire mountain just five weeks ago, Jim and I got married—both for

the second time and each after being single for many years. As a celebration of the rare good fortune of finding each other at this point in our lives, after no shortage of rocky times, we’ve chosen to tackle these mountains together. I haven’t been totally at ease with the challenge, but that’s part of the point. There is nobody I’d rather have at my side when feeling shaky than Jim.

If I’m hoping for Vince Lombardi-style encouragement from him, however, all I’m getting is, “You can do this, baby. You’ve done harder things.” True for us both, though now he’s talking more about mental strength, the kind that—if we summon it up—can go a long way to replacing what we may have lost, over the years, in muscle power. And therein lies the secret weapon of what I believe is termed a “sexagenarian”: tenacity.

DAY ONE HAD BEEN EASIER. Knowing we had just 2.6 miles of moderate climbing from the base camp known as Highland Center to the Mizpah Spring hut, where we’d spend our first

BY JOYCE MAYNARD PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN WESTERGREN



Trekking poles aid a descent of a cairn-marked Mount Adams trail. "Recover from the hike with a meal at Madison Spring hut (above)," says photographer Dan Westergren. A hiker (opposite) gazes at the White Mountains from atop the granitic Presidential Range.



night, we let ourselves linger over lunch, only alerting friends we'd be unreachable before setting out in the early afternoon. It felt good, signing off. Everything would have to wait.

A few crazy souls tackle the Presidential Range in a single brutal run, predawn to nightfall. What makes the traverse possible for those of us on a less speedy timetable is a system of trail huts, where dinner and breakfast are served and bunks provided, allowing hikers to make the climb without the burden of sleeping bags and provisions. Soon I'll conclude that for me, navigating the trail with a light pack is challenge enough.

The first day, rain dogs us much of the way up the trail. Any views are obscured by a sea of clouds. So I focus on the smaller things: lichens on boulders, the sound of water trickling over rocks, a rare cinquefoil flower. I let my mind go where it wants, or to no place at all: a welcome stillness. And I concentrate on the feeling within my body—my inflating lungs, the wind on my face, the mist on my skin.

We reach the hut at Mizpah Spring a little before 5 p.m. A crew of young people who tend the huts—a lively gang of college kids on summer break, mostly—have set out hot chocolate and coffee. We can smell a promising dinner in the works.

Hut protocol requires hikers to sign in. We do, grab a bunk, change out of our sweat-damp clothes, and gather in the lodge's main room to meet our fellow hikers. White Mountaineers will prove to be a diverse crowd with one thing in common—a love of the trail. I talk with a couple in their early 20s. Another couple, here on their 18th visit, look to be past 70. We greet members of a New Hampshire singles club, a mother trekking with her two teenage sons, and solo hikers. "I'm retracing the steps I took 50 years ago," one man tells me.

But the ones we're most drawn to—remembering our own days as young parents—are Amy and Ralph DiLeone, university professors hiking the range for the third summer with their children, nine-year-old Leo and Tiana, six. I express surprise, and admiration, that they brought young children on such an active and demanding trip. It's clear, watching them gathered around the table playing cards, that they're loving it.

"No one told Tiana and Leo that they're too young to hike the Presidentials," says Ralph. "They look forward to this all year."

Dinner at the huts is served family style at long tables in the main room. Looking out over the setting sun, we feast on rich leek-and-potato soup, a salad of fresh greens (no iceberg lettuce in sight), two vegetables, and a roast beef or vegetarian

entrée. Each table gets its own loaf of freshly baked bread, and the brownies are so good, I pocket one for the next day's hike.

That evening, a hut staffer explains the huts' use of green energy—they're off the grid—and the labor-intensive disposal of trash. Every piece of litter is brought down to a trailhead on the backs of crew members. The vision of our young staff with 60-pound packs on their backs inspires me to fold up wrappers rather than leave them in the (communal) bathroom.

At 9:30 p.m., it's lights out. With my headlamp, I find the hut's small library and spot a book that recounts tragedies that have befallen hikers in the Whites. The list is long of those

who died on the trail, tumbling off cliffs or freezing in blizzards that came out of nowhere. My spartan bunk and thin pillow have just become more inviting. As I make my way back to our room, the wind outside howls.

"Want to join me?" I whisper to my husband, tucked into the bunk above. Partly I'm inviting him out of affection—and partly for additional body heat.

The next morning we wake to dark skies and temperatures just above freezing. A few hikers who'd sought refuge late in the night stir on the lodge floor. In inclement weather, no hiker is turned away at the huts.

Following my friend Laurie's advice, Jim and I dress in many layers of clothing, which will let us peel down or add on according to what the weather chooses to deliver from hour to hour. As we head for coffee, the hut crew lets loose with a wake-up song. At breakfast—oatmeal, bacon, pancakes, eggs, fruit, bread—we get the all-important weather report: more rain and fog.

I want to get right back into bed, but the reality is, the sooner we start, the sooner we will reach the next hut, at Lakes of the Clouds. Today's trek is a seven-mile march, which will include a significant detour to ascend Mount Washington.

"Head 'em up, move 'em out," Jim says.

An interesting reversal has taken place in our relationship. My attorney husband, who has a tendency to anticipate all that could go wrong, has become the enthusiast, already planning our next trek even as this one remains unfinished. I, who had suggested this trip, and in my native state, am the one not loving the experience. Then I think of my parents, who lived in New Hampshire for almost 40 years without ever setting foot on one of these trails—and of my daughter, who hikes her way up steep Tuckerman Ravine every spring to ride her snowboard

Continued on page 80





Hut, two, three, four:
White Mountain hikers
maneuver over rocks
and other obstacles in
often variable weather.
The reward? A night in
a warm hut (opposite).

THE INSIDER

White Mountains, New Hampshire

A NORTHERN EXTENSION of the Appalachian range, the White Mountains attract visitors with the highest and windiest peak in the Northeast—Mount Washington—and the oldest network of high-altitude huts in the nation.

WHAT TO KNOW

The warmer summer months, when days are longest and afternoon temperatures reach into the 80s F, remain the most popular time to visit the area. Leaf peepers flock here in late September, when trees begin their color transformation. In all seasons, the famously changeable weather in these mountains can bring on sudden stormy conditions, high winds, and plunges in temperature—a source of exhilaration for some but consternation for the unprepared.

Hikers new to the Whites can consult the **Appalachian Mountain**

Club (AMC) website, www.outdoors.org, for information. Novice hikers also may want to hire a guide. The AMC's **Highland Center at Crawford Notch** offers an introduction to the area, with nature talks and guided day hikes. A bonus for guests who overnight at the center: hiking gear for loan.

TRAIL HUTS

The **AMC hut system** features eight huts, each accessible from lower trailheads. Most book up months in advance, so plan early. Huts range from Zealand Falls, the lowest at 2,640 feet, to 5,032-foot-high Lakes of the Clouds, the

closest to the summit of Mount Washington, itself reachable by riding “the Cog,” the world’s first mountain cog railway. Hut stays from June into October include dinner and breakfast; from \$113. The best way to reach the trailheads June to mid-September (and weekends only to mid-October) is with the **AMC Hiker Shuttle**, which operates from Highland Center, the Pinkham Notch Visitor Center, and the Irving

gas station in Gorham; reservations suggested.

AREA LODGES

Base accommodations include the AMC-run **Highland Lodge**, **Joe Dodge Lodge** (named for the “father of the huts”), and **Cardigan Lodge**, each with bunk and private rooms. For a taste of bygone days, stay or dine at the 113-year-old **Mount Washington Hotel**, an Omni resort. Host to celebrities and presidents—Babe Ruth,

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Joan Crawford—the national historic landmark retains a gentility with its high-ceilinged guest rooms, afternoon tea, drinks served out on the long porches, and horseback riding. “The hotel felt downright luxurious after all the shale climbing,” says author Joyce Maynard.

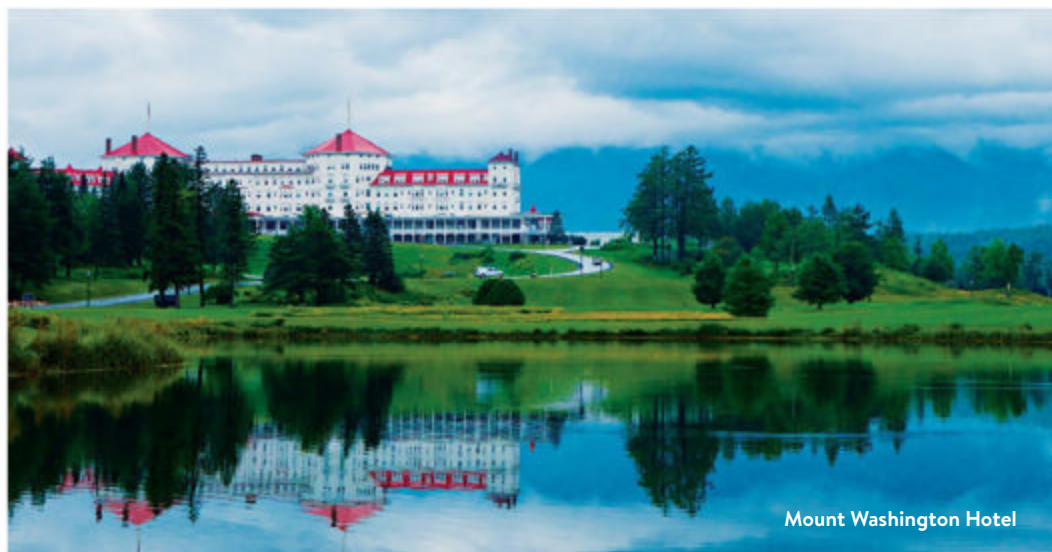
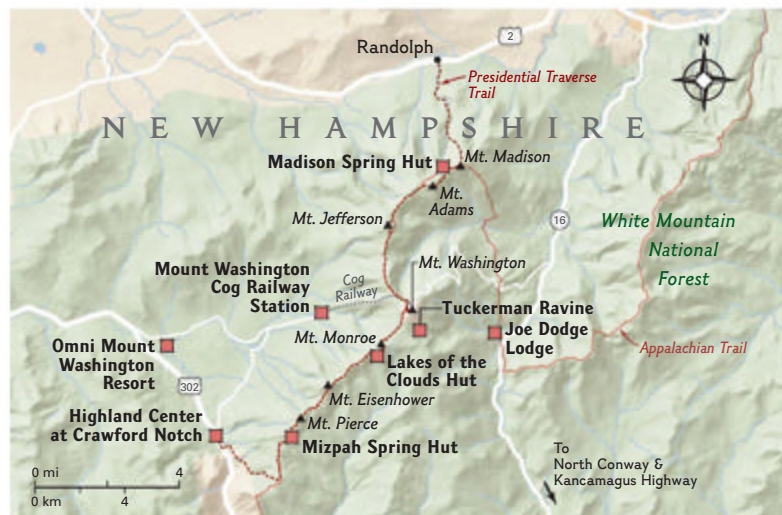
ATLAS



Hut crews use some 11,000 pounds of flour to bake bread in the summer season.

The 1944 Bretton Woods Conference, held at the Mount Washington Hotel, established both the gold standard and the precursor to the World Bank and IMF.

A 1961 *National Geographic* story by Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas popularized the White Mountains hut system.





I ♥ Oslo

Cosmopolitan, edgy, playful: Oslo serves up Scandinavian cool with heartwarming enthusiasm

BY ANNE-SOPHIE REDISH

ILLUSTRATION BY ANNA SIMMONS

OSLO DEFINES NORDIC COOL. Once a seat of the Viking empire, Norway's capital was shaped by centuries of maritime culture. Visitors today can take a bite out of a thriving food scene and discover a new breed of young designers and quirky drinking dens in such former working-class neighborhoods as **Grünerløkka**.

Natural features—forests, valleys, island-studded inlets—distinguish this Scandinavian metropolis. Flanked on three sides by the wooded hills of the **Marka** region and on one by the 62-mile inlet known as **Oslofjord**, Norway's capital is an ideal destination for lovers of the outdoors—which describes most of the city's 600,000 residents. Stay at one of the hotels in the Holmenkollen district, Oslo's leafy playground, and you may find yourself hiking, biking or, weather permitting, cross-country skiing before dinner. A 20-minute metro ride from this verdant outer borough sits Oslo's center, founded some 1,000 years ago and pulsing with museums and galleries, world-class restaurants, and fun-loving nightlife. For recreation, head to **Frogner Park**, where locals promenade, skateboard, and sunbathe among 212 statues by Norwegian artist Gustav Vigeland.

But for the best impression of Oslo, experience it from the water. Catch one of the hop-on, hop-off sailboats for a cruise that takes in the reenergized **Aker Brygge** area, **City Hall** (home to the Nobel Peace Prize awards ceremony), and the medieval **Akershus Fortress**. A particular draw is the waterfront **Opera House**, completed in 2007 and shaped like an ice floe; its sloping marble-clad roof lures walkers at all hours.

Oslo's contemporary sheen pairs with a briny maritime history. On **Bygdøy**, a peninsula west of downtown known for its museums, the **Viking Ship Museum** houses a pair of well-preserved ninth-century ships along with period artifacts. Two more recent vessels rate their own museums. The **Fram Museum** commemorates "the world's strongest polar vessel," the century-old *Fram*, used by a series of Arctic and Antarctic explorers, including Roald Amundsen. Next door, the **Kon-Tiki Museum** focuses on the oceangoing balsa raft that environmentalist Thor Heyerdahl sailed from Peru to Polynesia in 1947. A mile north lies the outdoor **Norwegian Folk Museum**, with its much photographed 12th-century wood church.

NORSE NOSHING

For a nation with a small population, Norway has produced a surprising number of world-class chefs, including four Bocuse d'Or gold medalists. You will find one of them, Bent Stiansen, at his

restaurant, **Statholdergaarden**. Other worthy culinary emporia include **Eik** and **Maaemo**, the latter the only Nordic restaurant to receive two Michelin stars on its first attempt.

Classic Norwegian fare fills the menu at **Grand Café**, where *smørbrød* (open-faced sandwiches) and prawn mayonnaise are perennial favorites. Don't miss the large mural on the back wall portraying the Christiania Bohemians, a group of artists who patronized the café in the late 1800s; you may recognize playwright Henrik Ibsen, who came to Grand Café twice daily to quaff a beer and read the papers. One of Oslo's most popular lunch spots for 115 years, the Viennese-style **Theatercaféen**, across from the National Theater, also serves *smørbrød*, along with reindeer and seafood (try the lutefisk) entrées.

For a more Bohemian ambience, head to the Grünerløkka area, where offbeat cafés and restaurants have names such as **Noah's Ark**, **Villa Paradiso**, and **Mucho Mas** (Mexican home cooking). The Vietnamese-flavored **Hai Cafe** is a local darling. African and Asian eateries abound in the eastern parts of

downtown and in the Grønland neighborhood. **Aker Brygge**, a renovated shipyard west of Grønland, and adjacent **Tjuvholmen** ("thief island"), Oslo's newest neighborhood, teem with pubs and bars. On summer days you'll find people munching on prawns fresh from fishing boats and enjoying after-work beers. Many Oslovisans reserve Sundays for a hike in the hills north of the city, for panoramic views—and servings of waffles with sweet goat cheese in the log-framed **Frognerseteren Restaurant**.

FASHION FAIR

An eclectic mix of unconventional shops is on tap in Grünerløkka, from vintage clothing at **Frøken Dianas Salonger** to imaginative gifts and home products at **Liebling** and odd T-shirts at **Probat**. Indoor food hall **Mathallen** stocks coffees, fish, cheeses, and meats, including such local offerings as smoked sheep's head; children are invited to try free cooking courses. Then there is **Friends Fair Trade**, which claims to have Scandinavia's biggest selection of fair-trade clothes, gifts, and more.

Oslo insiders know to shop nearby Grønland for the city's best assortment of vegetables and fruits. Also here: colorful textiles at bargain prices. The independent bookshop **Tronsmo** is a literary gem, covering everything from politics to design—and with a comic-book collection in the basement.

Scout out haute couture at **Eger**, on Egertorget (Eger Square); **Paleet**, near Karl Johans Gate; **Glas-Magasinet** and other boutiques on Bogstadveien; and everywhere, it seems, in Aker Brygge. For men's fashion, don't miss **Moods of Norway**; it has

TOP 5 LOCAL TIPS

1
Amble the paths in and around **AKERSHUS FORTRESS** to capture the feeling of medieval Oslo.

2
Investigate Nordic noir on a **HARRY HOLE OSLO TOUR**—Hole is the protagonist in a detective series by Jo Nesbø—which includes a stop at Hole's favorite eatery, Schrøder.

3
Visit the bold **ASTRUP FEARNLEY MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, in Tjuvholmen; its edgy design is stunning both inside and out.

4
Experience the thrill of ski jumping at a ski-jump simulator in **HOLMENKOLLEN**.

5
Take the metro to **MARKA** and join Oslovisans in favorite local pastimes, cross-country skiing in winter and hiking in warmer months.



Clockwise from top left: Vintage furnishings await buyers at Retrolykke, which doubles as a coffee shop. Chef Esben Holmboe-Bang plates a dish at Michelin-winning Maaemo Restaurant. A monolith designed by the late Norwegian sculptor Gustav Vigeland rises in Frogner Park. Two friends share news at Fru Hagen, a cozy Oslo cafe.





All clear light and clean lines, the glass-walled Oslo Opera House is Norway's largest cultural building.

three shops in central Oslo. Behind the city cathedral, the **Basarhallene** ("bazaar halls") house arts and handicraft studios. Several artisans also work in and sell their wares at the **Norwegian Folk Museum**. For antique and vintage oddities, stop in **Butikk Brocante**. Classic Norwegian sweaters and blankets fill the shelves of **Heimen Husflid**. Want more contemporary work? **Norway Designs** and **Expo Arte Jewellery Design** sell clothing and jewelry by European artists. And an afternoon jaunt takes you to **Bærums Verk**, a 17th-century ironworks a dozen miles northwest of downtown, recently repurposed into shops, restaurants, art galleries, and artisans' workshops.

AFTER HOURS

Norwegians drink more coffee than anyone else, which is reflected in Oslo's trove of independent coffee shops. Many double as nighttime cocktail bars, such as **LaWo**, **Café Con Bar**, and **Fuglen**, where the vintage furniture is for sale.

Care to dance? **Nivou**, Oslo's largest nightclub, offers two floors, which fill by 1 a.m. Patrons at **Baroque Bygdøy Allé** strut to house music under chandeliers. **Raspoutine's** "imperial Russian" decor draws a tony clientele inured to high prices.

Find alternative entertainment at **Underwater**

OSLO PHILE

FILMS

Kon-Tiki (2012), a historical drama about the 1947 expedition of the raft, and *Kon-Tiki*, the film directed by explorer Thor Heyerdahl that documented the actual expedition—and won an Oscar in 1951.



BOOKS

The Redbreast, *The Devil's Star*, *The Snowman*, and other novels by Oslo native Jo Nesbø—a writer in the Nordic noir genre—are set in the Norwegian capital.

Pub, where you may feel you're in an aquarium; professional and amateur opera singers entertain diners Tuesdays and Thursdays. **Litteraturhuset** ("house of literature") encompasses a bookshop, a restaurant, and, best of all, places to sit and read. Brick-walled **Bare Jazz** caters to that genre with live acts and a shop selling jazz recordings. **Lorry** has long been popular for its 129 types of beer served in a homey, quirkily decorated setting.

In **Grünerløkka** you'll find such fun venues as the 1950s-style **Bar Boca** (fabulous mojitos in summer), colorful **Café Kaos**, vintage-themed **Fru Hagen**, and the industrial-chic club **Blå**. If you prefer wine bars (with Italian food), **Enoteca**, with two locations, is a fine choice. For creative cocktails and one of the best vistas of Oslo, ascend to **34 SkyBar**, atop Norway's tallest hotel, the Radisson Blu Plaza. And for performances—on stage and on a plate—head to the coolest venue in town, the **Oslo Opera House**, where the arts are complemented by some creative cooking in the winter-themed **Argent Restaurant** and the glass-walled **Sanguine Brasserie**.

ANNE-SOPHIE REDISH has lived in Norway. This is an adaptation of a story that ran in our partner U.K. edition, *National Geographic Traveller*.

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OUT OF THE SHADOWS AND INTO THE NOW, AT LIGHT SPEED

BY ANDREW LAM | PHOTOGRAPHS BY CATHERINE KARNOW







TWENTY YEARS AGO, I STEPPED ONTO A HANOI STREET AND INTO DARKNESS.

The electricity was out, and clouds obscured moonlight. The faint smell of incense wafted in the air, and I saw shadows flitting about and red dots spinning in circles on the streets. My eyes adjusted: Local bicyclists had tied burning joss sticks onto their bikes' spokes as a way to avoid one another. The heart of Vietnam had turned into a phantasmagorical temple, full of ghosts.

That Hanoi, that city shrouded in incense and shadows, is but a distant memory. Now neon lights up the night. Forty years after war's end and the country's reunification and political rapprochement with the West, Vietnam's population has more than doubled. Golf courses are replacing rice paddies. New cities have sprouted where only thatched-roof hamlets squatted, and high rises tower in once low-key metropolises like Hanoi, Da Nang, and Ho Chi Minh City. Even longtime residents fail to recognize their own city when they venture downtown.

And the place once feared by drafted American GIs has

become a bucket-list destination for backpackers, beach lovers, and yes, veterans on nostalgia tours. They come to see mountains veiled in morning fog and sand dunes glittering under tropical sunlight. They come to taste the fragrant cuisine and to enjoy the sultry nightlife. They come to swim in the sparkling sea and to shop for colorful textiles.

I left Vietnam as a child when communist tanks rolled into Saigon and ignominiously ended the Vietnam War for Americans. That was on April 28, 1975. My family fled, among the first wave of refugees. I was 11 years old. I grew up and became an American citizen and a writer and journalist. But I have never forgotten Vietnam, and have returned many times to witness my native land emerge from behind the bamboo curtain.

If stories of bicycles in dark nights, of mud and bent backs and long lines for food rations, formed the bulk of the narrative I told a quarter of a century ago, the story I tell now is an

In central Vietnam, girls dig for clams (above); Bebe Trinh, Lys Nguyen, and Jap Hoang (opposite), relatives who grew up in Montreal, opened Saigon's trendsetting l'Usine café in 2010 in a former ballroom.

A traditional fishing
junk completes a
timeless scene on
Ha Long Bay, a
UNESCO World
Heritage site scattered
with some 1,600
islands and islets.





SO MUCH HAS CHANGED,
YET MY HOMELAND REMAINS AN ASTONISHING BEAUTY,
A COUNTRY SHAPED BY MOUNTAINS AND RIVERS AND THE
ETERNAL SEA LAPPING AT HER SHORES.

Newly rich Vietnamese
indulge in designer goods
at a Gucci store across from
the French-built Hanoi
Opera House, modeled
after Paris's Palais Garnier.

GUCCI







entirely different one—that of a country steeped in modernity and change, and a society integrating with the global culture and economy at a breakneck speed.

In Hanoi, the rusty bicycles have long been replaced with Honda motorcycles. The old quarter, with its narrow streets and historic homes, is now filled with video arcades and karaoke bars, with cafés and shops selling candies and dried apricots. Even the ancient lake of Hoan Kiem shimmers at night, its perimeter strung with lights.

In Ho Chi Minh City, still popularly known as Saigon, you can have your pick: Wander around any small neighborhood and you may still run into old men sitting on small wooden stools in alleys drinking coffee and smoking; or, in the evening, hang out at the Chill Sky Bar on top of the AB Tower to watch the sunset over city boulevards running like golden rivers swift and furious below.

So much has changed, yet my homeland remains an astonishing beauty, a country shaped by mountains and rivers and the eternal sea lapping at her shores. She's also made up of smiles and laughter, of leisure and of celebrations. What I think is odd for a communist country: Vietnam's temples and churches are always full of worshippers on religious holidays.

Some of my favorite memories: watching fishermen in Phan Thiet landing their boats on shore with the day's catch, their silhouettes wavering against the setting sun, and the sea a pointillist carpet of silver stretching toward the horizon; or sailing

down the Perfume River of Hue, Vietnam's imperial city, one summer evening, the air redolent with the scent of blooming lotus in nearby ponds, the old boatwoman crooning a folk song about the storied citadel and about those who have left yet long to return to the river Perfume. I remember sitting at a campfire on the side of Lam Vien mountain overlooking my hometown, Da Lat. Thousands of French-built villas dotted the hillside, and my best friend accompanied with a guitar three young Lat women singing romantic songs.

One recent early morning out on the balcony of my hotel in downtown Saigon, the roaring din of motorcycles and cars and construction was so deafening that I began to doubt my own memories of the incense wafting in the dark. One can get nostalgic thinking of what is lost and gone. Or one can get on a motorbike and ride with the endless flow of traffic, filling up on the energy of this youthful yet eternal place. Listen to the laughter. Listen to the honking horns. Long night has journeyed into day. The once wounded nation is healed, and its gaze forward is dauntless.

San Francisco-based **ANDREW LAM** is a frequent National Public Radio commentator and author of *Birds of Paradise Lost*, a collection of short stories about Vietnamese Americans. Fellow San Franciscan **CATHERINE KARNOW** has deep ties to Vietnam, which she first began photographing in 1990. She's profiled on page 8.



In Hanoi, street barber Bui Van Quat not only gives a shave and cut, but also creates art. Opposite: Hanoi schoolgirls get around on a motor scooter.

A full-page photograph of a young boy in mid-air, jumping over a small stream. He is wearing a dark blue t-shirt, black shorts, a blue baseball cap, and red and white sneakers. His arms are outstretched, and his legs are bent in a jumping motion. The background is a lush forest with tall evergreen trees and a clear blue sky. In the distance, a mountain peak is visible through the trees. The foreground shows green grass and some rocks near the stream.

California's Mammoth
Lakes puts families in
adventure mode, with
fishing, hiking, mountain
biking, and creek-leaping.

7 Tailored Trips FOR THE **MODERN FA**



MILY



The family vacation, like the concept of family itself, has evolved. Kids are traveling with grandma or a single parent or an indulgent uncle (or all three). However you define your kin, we have an itinerary that's all relative

MAMMOTH LAKES, CALIFORNIA

Just Add Water

A mom-and-son (plus dog) fishing trip

WHY GO Fishing's a big part of the summer lure at pooch-friendly Mammoth Lakes, in California's eastern Sierra, but families will find much more than fins to occupy them. Thirty-two miles south of Yosemite National Park, Mammoth Mountain and Mammoth Crest tower above the town and a basin with nearly two dozen glassy lakes. Many a father and child have come here for some one-on-one time while waiting for a bite on the line, but why not mom?

THE PLAN After arriving at Mammoth Yosemite Airport and renting a car for a week at the lakes, mom and son can throw up the tent at Coldwater Campground near Lake Mary, pick a cozy cabin at Tamarack Lodge along Twin Lakes, or go comfy at Westin Monache Resort, which also provides a "Heavenly Dog Bed" for the family pet.

Get your bearings with a sweeping panorama of the dramatic Sierra at **Minaret Vista**. At the Main Lodge, take the Reds Meadow Shuttle Bus down to **Devils Postpile**, a weird wall of multisided volcanic basalt columns 60 feet high. Kids love sliding down broken columns at the base. For noontime rainbows, hike two miles to 101-foot-tall **Rainbow Falls**. Later, **Mammoth Fun Shop** is a must-stop for a root-beer float, gummy bacon, and air freshener redolent of popcorn.

The free **Lakes Basin Trolley** hauls visitors and their gear from town up to trailheads in the Lakes Basin. Choose among five one-mile trails to trout-stocked lakes. Bike level paths and then coast five miles downhill back to town. If Rover gets muddy, **Tailwaggers Gourmet Dog Bakery & Boutique** has a self-serve dog wash. Its best-selling doggie treat is the peanut-butter-and-bacon bone cookie.

Another day, take a kayak tour on **Mono Lake** with Caldera Kayaks, gliding past bizarre gray tufa spires jutting



A horse-and-buggy tours
New Orleans' French Quarter.

like ghouls out of the water. Continue driving to **Bodie**, a gold-mining ghost town so well preserved that it looks as if everyone got spooked and fled one afternoon. Alas, no nuggets got left behind. Snap dizzying selfies next to cockeyed buildings, outhouses, and gravestones.

Mom starts the next day with a strong cuppa at **Looney Bean**. Then it's off to the **Adventure Center** across the street from the Main Lodge to zoom on a 100-yard-long zip line, go bungee-trampolining, and scale a 30-foot climbing wall. Tonight's dinner is tacos at **Gomez's Restaurant & Tequileria**, where dogs sit on the patio next to kids playing in a sandbox—while mom samples one of 150 tequilas.

Drive to **Rock Creek** the following day and hike a nearly flat trail at 10,000 feet in wildflower-filled **Little Lakes Valley**. The challenge: who's first to spot a chipmunk, ground squirrel, marmot, or deer. Stop at **Pie in the Sky Café** to indulge in a slice of mud pie: chocolate crust with mint-chocolate-chip ice cream, fudge sauce, whipped cream, and nuts. (There's apple or blackberry for mom.)

DON'T MISS Ride the gondola to the summit of 11,053-foot Mammoth Mountain for a 360-degree view of where you've been playing. Ambitious older kids can hike or mountain bike down, although you might want to avoid bike trails named Skid Marks and Kamikaze. —*April Orcutt*

NEW ORLEANS

Bayou and Me

Play date with a favorite uncle

WHY GO Bourbon Street may be restricted to 21 years and older, but an indulgent uncle (or aunt) seeking to spoil nieces and nephews in New Orleans can find plenty of lively attractions for young people. "The city's very friendly," says 12-year-old Brynn, who can walk to the famed St. Charles Avenue streetcar from her Carrollton neighborhood home. "There are parks everywhere." And you need only one packed day to get the good times rolling.

THE PLAN Breakfast begins with beignets—the uniquely New Orleans, deep-fried pastry topped with powdered sugar—at **Café du Monde** in the French Quarter's heart. After breakfast troop across Jackson Square, past Andrew Jackson's statue and the fortune-tellers, and up to the **Louisiana State Museum's** second floor in the historic Presbytere to discover both bejeweled costumes and the stories behind the city's Mardi Gras festivities at the permanent exhibit "It's Carnival Time in Louisiana."

Next stop: an hour-long tour of the **French Quarter** conducted by French Quartour Kids, designed for children

up to age 13 by former elementary school teacher and historian Jill Dresser. Hear about pirates, ghosts, and how kids lived in the 1830s. Then visit the **New Orleans Insectarium** and its bug buffet, serving up mealworm salsa and chocolate chirp cookies made with crickets.

Those not enamored of six-legged entrées may instead tuck into the fare at **District**, with a menu of homemade sliders and “extra fancy” doughnuts in exotic flavors like Vietnamese coffee and miso bacon praline. No need to quit munching at the newly opened **Southern Food and Beverage Museum**, where you can snack while touring the exhibit halls.

Work off the meal with a four-hour kayak tour along the **Bayou St. John** waterway and spot some of the southern Louisiana wildlife—turtles, egrets, pelicans, and maybe an alligator. If you can’t find a representative of *A. mississippiensis* in the wild, the **Audubon Zoo** features them, as well as the new get-wet attraction, “Lazy River Gator Run,” where visitors can float in inner tubes past the exhibits.

DON'T MISS John Besh’s **Pizza Domenica** on Magazine Street features gourmet pizzas and garlic-bread knots with a dipping sauce of melted aged provolone. End your day with a traditional New Orleans snowball at **Hansen’s**. The fluffy mound of shaved ice (never crushed) is flavored with homemade syrups. Locals adore the cool treats. And so did the James Beard Foundation, which named Hansen’s one of “America’s Classic” restaurants in 2014.

—Andrew Nelson

DODECANESE ISLANDS, GREECE

Our Big Fat Greek Sailing

A multigenerational odyssey

WHY GO From the windy Cyclades islands to the calmer Ionians, isle hopping in Greece is a great idea for a multigenerational holiday. But avoid the hassles of ferry schedules, flight connections, and multiple hotel bookings by chartering a crewed boat. On the *Calypso* (www.calypsoadventure.com), an elegant sailboat that sleeps ten, captain Dave Sidwell teaches kids to snorkel or spearfish. Or try Incrediblue, a Greek start-up that matches would-be sailors with boat owners. It’s basically Airbnb at sea.

THE PLAN The **Dodecanese**, 12 islands close to the Turkish coast, comprise castles, monasteries, colorful towns, and castaway coves. The regional capital, **Rhodes**, is most travelers’ first port of call. Then set sail for **Symi**; mansions in every shade of peach line its horseshoe harbor. **Panormitis Monastery** contains Byzantine and folk art, as well as a collection of bottles retrieved from the sea containing offerings to St. Michael, patron saint of sailors, that will spark the imagination of young seafarers. The monastery operates a wood-fired bakery where you can stock up on fresh bread.

Next stop: **Nisyros**, a sleepy island with a smoldering volcano at its heart. Dock outside the fishing town of Pali, then clamber up to the sulfurous crater, tiptoeing among hot springs puffing out smoke rings. It’s an easy hike for all ages. For white sand, cruise to the uninhabited island of **Yiali** nearby.

A sanctuary for over a hundred bird species (including rare Eleonora’s falcons), **Tilos** is a throwback to Greece before tourism. The town hall houses Stone Age fossils of dwarf elephants discovered in a nearby cave. In the abandoned 15th-century village of Mikro Chorio, inhabited mostly by goats, a crumbling stone house has been converted into the island’s only disco, where teens can dance under the stars. The final port is rugged **Astypalaia**, known for its windmills, antiquities, and lobster spaghetti. At **Vathy**, a hidden lagoon, hike over the headland to admire prehistoric rock carvings, then tuck into fried calamari at the only taverna.

DON'T MISS On **Kounoupe**s, two tiny isles connected by a strip of sand, collect natural sea salt by the handful, a savory memento of your trip. —Rachel Howard



A brisk Aegean Sea breeze powers windmills in the Cyclades, Greece.

5 COOL PLACES TO SLEEP

GLASS IGLOOS

Kakslauttanen Arctic Resort, Finland. No night-lights or tech toys required: Kids lie in bed and watch the aurora borealis (mid-August through April) overhead. Igloos sleep two or four.

CONCRETE TEPEES

Wigwam Villages; Kentucky, Arizona, and California. The last roadside motels remaining of seven built from 1936 to 1949 offer 28-foot-high freestanding tepee rooms and a retro American vibe.

BARONIAL CASTLE

Glennapp, Ballantrae, Scotland. Families get the royal treatment at this fairy-tale castle overlooking the Irish Sea, and kids get to try their hand at the ancient sport of falconry.

DRIVE-IN CINEMA ROOM

V8 Hotel-Motorworld Region, Stuttgart, Germany. Your crew can pile into an apple red Cadillac Coupe DeVille bed to watch their favorite flicks on the wall. The driving theme rolls on throughout the Motorworld complex, with its classic Lamborghinis, McLarens, and other vintage sports cars.

BEAGLE-SHAPED B&B

Dog Bark Park Inn, Cottonwood, Idaho. The big dog on the Camas Prairie—30-foot-tall Sweet Willy—is built for unplugged family vacations. Inside the beagle's head is a kid-size loft with books, board games, and puzzles. Visit the on-site chainsaw folk art studio, or meet wolves at the Wolf Education Center.

—Maryellen Kennedy Duckett



Plaster body casts of victims killed by the A.D. 79 blowup of Mount Vesuvius are poignantly displayed in Pompeii.

POMPEII

Once Upon a Time in Italy

Ciao time with tweens

WHY GO A deadly volcanic eruption. Gelato. Nudity. And pizza! That's how to sell this four-day southern Italian itinerary to tweens. What they'll also get is solid insight into Roman life in A.D. 79. That's when Vesuvius exploded in a superheated cloud of toxic gas and ash, killing some 16,000 people in Pompeii and neighboring Herculaneum almost instantaneously and preserving their towns in remarkable detail—until the buried cities were discovered some 1,600 years later.

THE PLAN Base yourself in gritty, sprawling Naples, capital of the Campania region and far sassier than the likes of Rome and Milan. The **Naples National Archaeological Museum** safeguards many of Pompeii's unearthed treasures, including a mosaic of Alexander the Great defeating the Persian King Darius. In the city considered the birthplace of pizza, dine at **L'Antica Pizzeria Da Michele**. Da Michele still serves only two classic styles of pie: *margherita* and *marinara*.

From Naples, take the train to Pompeii Scavi station. Book **Pompeii** tours online, via the local tourist office, or at your hotel. Choose a guided two-hour tour of the main highlights—from the bathhouses and brothel (you may want to skim the kids past the giggle-inducing naughty murals) to the taverns and launderettes of ancient times. The plaster casts of dogs and people immortalized in their death throes invariably pique kids' curiosities.

Head to **Mount Vesuvius** on board the multipurpose four-wheel-drive "Unimog," the only vehicle allowed up to the foot of the walking trail. Trek up the steep, dusty path for spectacular views of the smoking crater. Prepare yourself for "it's stinky" comments, prompted by sulfurous gases. If asked "Will it erupt again?" reply that an explosion is long overdue.

DON'T MISS In Naples, head to **Il Gelato Mennella** (at two locations, Via Carducci and Via Scarlatti), with flavors including pistachio and lemon. —Maria Pieri

PARIS

French Connections

European spree for mademoiselle and mom

WHY GO What jeune fille (or fils, for that matter) wouldn't love a Madeline-style weekend in Paris, packed with culture, shopping, and *macarons*?

THE PLAN Shake off jet lag with a guided tour of Paris's major attractions in a vintage convertible **Citroën Deux Chevaux**, run by a company called 4 roues sous 1 parapluie. Then join the beau monde for afternoon tea at one of the French capital's posh palace hotels such as **Le Meurice**, centrally located across from the Louvre. It's pricey, but the high tea's tower of finger sandwiches, scones, and petit fours could easily substitute for dinner.

Globe-trotting restaurateur Amy Morton recommends beginning a "monumental" day with **Notre Dame**

Cathedral. Visiting the church's crypt with its Roman ruins "gave my young daughters a real sense of Paris's multi-layered history," she says. At the **Eiffel Tower**, skip the long ticket queues by reserving online ahead of time. Commute between these Seine-side icons by **BatoBus**, the city's ferryboat transit system.

Mona Lisa isn't going anywhere. So why not try one of Paris's insider venues such as the **Gaité Lyrique**, a cultural incubator and digital-art exhibition space in a belle époque theater? Or explore the free **Cognacq-Jay Museum**, a former aristocrat's mansion with opulent 18th-century decor in the artsy Marais neighborhood. (The newly reopened **Picasso Museum** is practically around the corner.)

The magic word for most Parisians is not Chanel but *soldes* (sales). Outside of France's biannual sales weeks, head to **Monoprix** (the Target of France) for costume jewelry, scarves, and casual wear; the Opera location, especially, stocks fun, tasteful souvenirs such as Eiffel Tower iPad covers. On the Left Bank, **Le Bon Marché** (France's Neiman Marcus) carries Louis Vuitton and Dior, a great selection of lingerie and hosiery, and fine chocolate bars in its ground-floor grocery.

DON'T MISS Sign up for a macaron-making class (in English) in the cozy Latin Quarter kitchen of Fred and Amanda Pouillot. Or stop at a Pierre Hermé patisserie: New macaron flavors debut monthly. —Ceil Miller Bouchet



A carnival swings into Paris's Tuileries Garden each summer.

YUCATÁN

Welcome to the Jungle

Teens bashtag Maya Mexico

WHY GO Let the high schoolers channel Indiana Jones in Mexico's Maya temple-strewn Yucatán Peninsula, where they can scale mysterious pyramids, bushwhack through jungles, and cool off in freshwater cenote pools the way the ancients did. A weeklong road trip connects the Maya dots from the Caribbean to Gulf coasts.

THE PLAN From the region's main airport at Cancún, drive inland for two hours to the great ceremonial city of **Chichén Itzá**. Stay at the adjacent Lodge at Chichen Itza to stage an early morning visit, when the popular site is most mystically quiet. Get a living lesson in sophisticated Maya astronomy by counting the 365 steps ascending the nearly ten-story-tall El Castillo. Imagine real-life *Hunger Games* at the elaborately carved ball court, where competitions ended in human sacrifice.

En route to Mérida, another 80 miles west, detour to **Izamal**, where the Spanish colonial buildings are painted egg-yolk yellow. Race to the top of the town's Kinich Kakmo pyramid.

Comb the lost city of **Dzibilchaltún**, about ten miles north of Mérida, an archaeological site dating to 300 B.C. that features a central plaza, amphitheater, temple, and—swimsuit alert—the freshwater Cenote Xlakah.

Safari-break some 60 miles west at coastal **Celestún** to spy rosy flocks of mating flamingos. Time your next Maya conquest, eighth-century **Uxmal**, 50 miles south of Mérida, to arrive after dark for the dramatic sound-and-light show. After a night at Hacienda Uxmal, return to the site to Instagram the elaborately carved gods, including mighty Chaac, god of rain, wearing a serpent's mask, and a throne featuring a two-headed jaguar.

Swing back east to **Cobá**, sight of Yucatán's tallest temple, 138-foot Nohoch Mul, providing a high-priest's view over the jungle canopy.

DON'T MISS Cool off with a dip at the Gran Cenote on the drive back to the Maya's most beautifully sited ruins, seaside **Tulum**, just 80 miles but epochs apart from where you started in Cancún. —*Elaine Glusac*

SOUTH DAKOTA

Where the Buffalo Roam

Little kids on the prairie

WHY GO It's nicknamed the Mount Rushmore State, but there's more to love about South Dakota than its famous, 60-foot-tall faces. "I went into South Dakota thinking it was a wasteland, and I came out wanting to move there," says Durango, Colorado, mom Heidi Goodman, who took sons A. J., 10, and Jack, 7, to Mount Rushmore last summer. "The boys loved all the history, and I felt that I was as deep in America as I could be." A four-day road trip east to west across the state appeals to pint-size pioneers with hands-on activities at every stop, lots of animal sightings, and never more than two hours trapped in the car.

THE PLAN First up is **De Smet**, home of Laura Ingalls Wilder of the *Little House* series. Even if the kids aren't familiar with the books or the iconic TV show, they'll have a blast rattling across the tall grass in a covered wagon, making corn-cob dolls, and playing pioneers at the Ingalls Homestead. In the gift shop, true fans can pick up Wilder's never-before-published autobiography, *Pioneer Girl*, finally released in November 2014.

Drive two hours west to the **Lewis and Clark Information Center**. The I-90 rest area/museum is on the site of a Corps of Discovery encampment. Climb aboard a replica of the expedition's 55-foot keelboat for an explorer's-eye view of the Lake Francis Case reservoir below. Stop for the night at **Badlands National Park**, a bedrock moonscape rich with the fossilized remains of extinct mammals, including a three-toed mini-horse. In the morning, drive the Highway 240 Loop Road to spot bison, mule deer, and bighorn sheep. The gravel detour to **Robert's Prairie Dog Town** is worth the dust to watch hundreds of the ridiculously cute rodents romp around.

Make tracks for **Custer State Park**, where massive buffalo—some as big as 2,000 pounds—freely roam. Supper is a hayride/chuck wagon cookout, and cowpokes will get a kick out of sleeping two nights in the Bunkhouse Cabin at State Game Lodge, starting point for the Buffalo Safari Jeep Tour. Wrap up by visiting the Black Hills' rock stars: **Mount Rushmore** and the **Crazy Horse Memorial**. Rushmore highlights for kids include the dynamite blast simulator and, of course, peering up the presidents' nostrils. The Crazy Horse Memorial, begun in 1948, is much bigger (Crazy Horse's head is nearly nine stories tall) but still unfinished.

DON'T MISS Cedar Pass Lodge in Badlands has new old-timey-looking cabins and a restaurant serving Sioux Indian tacos (fry bread and buffalo).

—*Maryellen Kennedy Duckett*



Bisonwear at the annual Buffalo Roundup at Custer State Park

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White Mountains

Continued from page 54

down. I'm between those two extremes, making my way over the rugged granite, one foot in front of the other.

Now here we are, above the tree line, and the conditions are brutal. I can just make out Jim's face in the fog and wind as we consult our map, encased in a Ziploc bag, in anticipation of rain, which is currently falling. Sideways.

"Six months from now," he offers, "what we're going to remember is how good it felt, that we could do this."

"The only thing that feels good," I answer, "is that we'll never have to do this again. Ever."

The truth is, I'm flagging in body and spirit. This is the furthest thing from a celebration I could have devised.

Then it happens. Till now, I've kept my eyes on the ground, watching for tricky footing. Suddenly, I feel warmth on my back, and look up. A patch of blue has opened, revealing the east flank of one Presidential peak. I'm dazzled. In a flash, I understand why people come up here. And return. Within minutes, one whole side of the sky has cleared. We can make out the silhouettes of half a dozen mountains in the distance, including craggy Mount Washington, with its cog railway chugging up, carrying passengers who have paid up to \$68 to take in the sights through the window of a train car.

A wave of pride fills me; I've made it under my own steam. I can feel my right knee throb, and my fingers are numb. But for the first time, I'm happy, really happy, to be here. The appearance of sunlight invigorates both of us.

We're reminded soon enough, however, that hiking the Whites is a serious thing. Reaching the Lakes of the Clouds hut, we greet friends from the previous day. Then another hiker enters the lodge. It's the mother with two teenage sons, who has fallen and hit her head. She is so bruised (and apparently suffering from a mild concussion) that the hut crew gets out the first aid kit and is evaluating whether she should be brought down the mountain. I whisper a thank-you that I have Jim by my side.

TWO FULL DAYS on the trail have us in a rhythm now. We gather at 6 p.m. for the

group dinner, then play cards with the DiLeone family. At one point I look up and realize what's missing: the glow of screens. People are talking, telling stories, the way my family once did. Lights out finds Jim and me in our bunk, surrounded by the soft sound of snoring hikers. We have no trouble finding sleep.

Morning dawns cold enough to warrant gloves—in August—and I wonder about the day's 6.8-mile trek from Lakes of the Clouds to the recently renovated Madison Spring hut. I'd been told this hike is the most rugged.

So far, we have bagged five peaks, including Mount Eisenhower, Mount Pierce, and Mount Washington. One can opt to not go to the top of each peak along the Presidentials, generally an extra hour or so of hiking. But for my husband and me, there's no question we have to reach the top of Mount Adams, even though it requires climbing over rock fragments sharp as arrowheads. The only indications of a trail are stacks of piled stones.

"Is there any reason to follow one route over another," I grumble loudly enough for my husband to hear, "when all that exists, in every direction, is stone, and more stone, and more stone?"

Jim keeps marching—a trait I love. Once, in remote Guatemala, he drove ten hours straight on a road over boulders the size of Hubbard squashes. He isn't a man who gives up easily, if at all.

To distract myself from the throbbing in my knee, I recite the opening lines of "Dover Beach," a poem by the Victorian writer Matthew Arnold.

"The sea is calm tonight," I begin. "The tide is full, the moon lies fair." None of this has much to do with anything we're seeing in these mountains, but I'd rather reach for the next line than ponder the sign we just passed, indicating another half mile at what feels like a 60-degree angle, to the summit of Mount Adams.

"Keep your eyes on the ground," Jim calls back, grimly. "Land the wrong way on this granite, and you won't get up."

It is while I am studying the steep, seemingly endless expanse of rock that I spot it: a small blue mitten I recognize as belonging to Tiana. She, with her family, appears to have surged ahead of us on the trail. Sore as I am, and weary, when I pick up the mitten to return it to its owner, a good feeling comes over me.

Fifty years from now I won't be hiking these mountains, but I bet the younger DiLeones will. The Whites aren't going anywhere.

It has taken me 60 years to accept what Tiana is learning at six: The best experiences are worth working, even struggling, to achieve. Our hike of the Presidential Range reminds me of what I am capable of, and it's much more than I supposed.

AT THE TOP of Mount Adams we meet a man recognizable to us by now as an Appalachian Trail through-hiker.

"I started out in Georgia in June," he tells us. "Plan to be in Maine sometime next week, before Labor Day, get me some of that lobster. This has been the gnarliest stretch of trail yet."

It cheers me to hear a fit person in his 20s express this view. It is definitely the gnarliest stretch I've encountered.

We spend our final night at Madison Spring hut, where I will return Tiana's mitten to her. After dinner, Jim takes my hand and we step outside to study the sky. At last it's clear enough that we can see the constellations in a way possible only in a place where the sole source of electricity is a single generator. A stab of regret comes over me, that this is our final night on the trail.

Back in the hut, an annual reunion is under way, of descendants from a legendary group of Vermont mountaineers who served on the European front in World War II. For many of these descendants, hiking the Presidential Range is pushing the envelope, as it has for me.

"The thing that got me up this peak," says a woman a few years older, I guess, than Jim and I and not looking that fit, "is knowing the things Dad had to do in the war that were so much harder."

My husband and I dine at our own table, listening to the toasts to the heroic fathers and grandfathers, long dead. Seeing the red wine flow, I study my tea.

"Next time," I say, "let's bring wine."

It's the first moment that I realize: We will do this again.

Contributing editor **JOYCE MAYNARD**'s ninth novel, *Under the Influence*, comes out in August. This was the second Presidential Range trek for our director of photography, **DAN WESTERGREN**.

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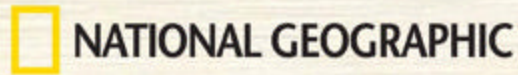
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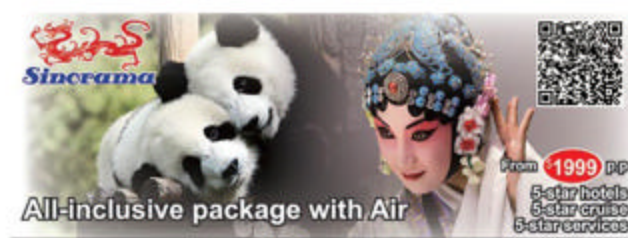
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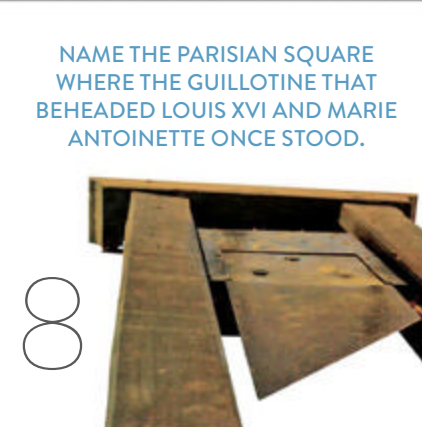
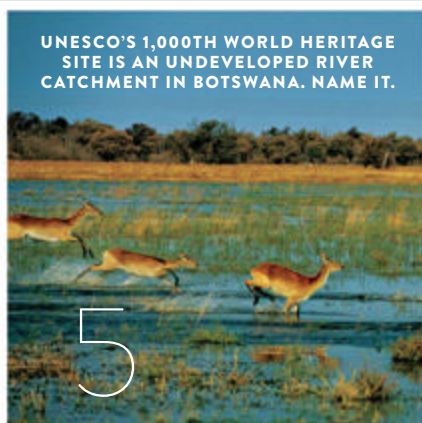
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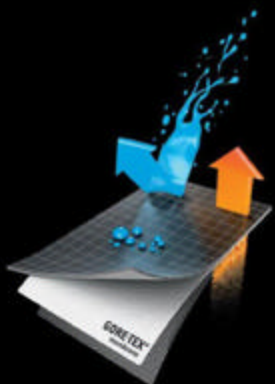
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